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EDMUND

MINSTRELSEY

OF

EDMUND THE WANDERER.

COLLECTED BY

HIS EARLY COMPANION, AND INTIMATE FRIEND,

LIEUTENANT SPENCE,

OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

"Love is a tender passion, felt alone
"By kindred souls of feeling and of fire;
"Few are the blissful number who have known
"The joys which love, requited, can inspire:
"He knew those raptures, but alas! not long;
"Cross'd in affection, in its early day,
"He felt in bitterness of grief its wrong,
"Fled from the world, to wretchedness a prey."

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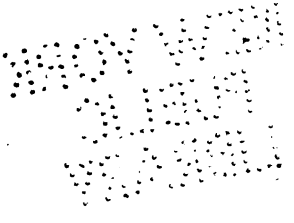

TO

THE HONOURABLE ROBERT SMITH,

SECRETARY OF STATE,

THE FOLLOWING WORK IS INSCRIBED,

AS

A TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE,

AND

A TESTIMONY OF HIGH ESTEEM FOR HIS VIRTUES,

AND

VENERATION FOR HIS CHARACTER,

BY THE

EDITOR.

NBL

INTRODUCTION BY THE EDITOR.

THE following poems are the juvenile effusions of an ardent and glowing mind, under the influence of a romantic and unhappy attachment. The author of them, the lamented victim of feeling, and the slave of that passion he has with such delicacy delineated, in his last moments bequeathed them to me, as memorials of an affection, which existing under more propitious circumstances, and unopposed by considerations of consequence in the conjugal union, might, perhaps, at this day have rendered him the living pride of his connexions, an ornament to society, the tender and endearing husband, the warm and faithful friend.

There is no office of friendship, the performance of which can be more pregnant with mingled emotions of pleasure and pain to the friend and early companion of the deplored Edmund, than the preservation of those impassioned breathings of his soul, these tender testimonies of the sensibilities of his heart, and of the purity and constancy of his attachment to the lovely and accomplished Licea,

whose personal charms and intellectual graces they so passionately paint, and so feelingly celebrate.

I am fully aware of the difficulties which will present themselves in preparing for the press these pieces, originally written without any intention of submitting them to the scrutiny of the public eye; yet a desire to pay some tribute to the memory of a youth whose friendship has afforded me many a moment of refined and most enviable pleasure, together with the solicitations of his friends, has persuaded me to undertake it. Though it is a duty I am proud of having assigned me, I cannot but experience a fear, that the accomplishment of it will not be equal to their expectations, or to my own wishes. I, however, hope they will do me justice to believe, in case of my being unsuccessful in the attempt, that it wanted not my warmest endeavours, and that its failure has not been from lack of any exertion on my part, but owing to the little impediments which usually present themselves on similar occasions, being, in this instance, greatly enhanced, and rendered peculiarly embarrassing, by the mutilated and unconnected state in which the manuscript was left, scattered among many other writings, and wholly without date to guide me in the arrangement of them, agreeably to the order of their accidental origin. Though this last circumstance may seem to many of very trivial consequence, yet to me it appears a matter of some importance, as it may enable the reader to trace in them the stealing gradations of love, as it existed in the breast of the author through all its progressive stages, and

the effect of his sorrows, through all their corroding influence.

Either from the injudicious management of those editorially concerned in posthumous publications, or from causes but remotely connected with the merit of the performances, the memory of but few has been benefited by such productions. How far these pensive respirations of his lyre may entitle my friend to the dignified and honourable appellation of poet, time and impartial criticism will determine. They are, however, but equivocal pretensions to that too frequently profaned, and illy bestowed epithet, compared with the more elaborate productions of his muse, which I intend to offer, hereafter, to the public.

It is unnecessary, at this time, to enter into a minute biographical account of my deceased friend. In the preface of a poem, now under my inspection, entitled the "Siege of Tripoli," I shall furnish a copious and more satisfactory delineation of his life. At present, it will be sufficient to remark that he was a native of the United States; that his profession was that of a soldier; that his life was wildly desultory, and, from peculiar allotment, chequered with that variety of interesting vicissitudes, and diffluent occurrences, which we frequently find incidental to the career of a military man, embarking, at an early period of youth, on the capricious ocean of life, and, like the bark in its fluctuating element, destined through its disastrous voyage to buffet the rebelling billows and the adverse gale of fortune.

On the banks of a stream which meanders through the picturesque part of the country in which he was born, on

a fair evening in May, he met with the lovely Licea; an event which he has celebrated in the second canto of the little poem, called "the Exile," in a manner interestingly simple and unaffected.

> "'Twas blushing May, the fairest month in spring,
> When first I saw the beauteous maid I sing;
> At closing day, when Sol's departing beam
> Play'd in soft dalliance on the am'rous stream."

He was then entering into his sixteenth year, with a heart naturally warm; his disposition romantic—these executive characteristics were strengthenened, by a life of erratic eccentricity, in which he had visited various sections of the globe; by circumstances tending to increase the constitutional fervour of his mind, and by an indulgence in the suggestions of fancy and feeling, calculated to foster and invigorate the prevalent inclinations of his bosom, and to establish them with a sovereignty not to be controlled.

Licea was nearly the same in age; an orphan without living relations; dependent on one who had adopted her in infancy. She was, at that period, addressed, as would appear from the detached correspondence, by a man much older than herself, who was recommended more by his wealth, and his being the choice of her guardian, than by that delightfully harmonizing congeniality which excites so deep a degree of interest in the fate of these youthful victims of the perfidy and avarice of him

> Who, with a murd'rous and designing art,
> Join'd, but to tear in cruelty apart.

The love to which these poems owe their birth was not an ideal passion, nor were the sorrows which they breathe, prompted by fictitious or cherished by imaginary causes. It was a permanent, and unalterable affection, emanating from the purest feelings of the heart. They were deep rooted sorrows, as fixed and immutable as the attachment which gave them birth.

There are many, I am convinced, who under the influence of female fascination are too much the votarists of love to be surprised at the tyranny of such a passion as is here exhibited, and such, I am persuaded, will not wonder at the durable poignancy, of its concomitant sorrows, if they for a moment reflect on the loss of an object as beautifully interesting as the one described in the following extract, in which the progress of fondness, and the griefs of a lover appear to be well portrayed.

" If 'tis a crime, 'tis one that nature prompts,
To love, when fate's unkind decree withholds
The worshipp'd object of the heart's desire.
Ev'n had I known that avarice had chain'd
Her hand, without her tender heart's consent,
When first I met her sweet dissolving glance,
And gaz'd upon her blue expressive eye,
(Regardless of the ills of hapless love)
I should have fall'n a victim to its sway.
Impressively engraven on my heart
Remains the fadeless record of that hour,
With one the memory cherishes more dear,
Which first made known the feelings of her heart.
With love's enkindling fires within my breast,
Entranc'd I stood, to view, with sweet amaze,

Her face, in ev'ry lineament divine;
To gaze with transport on the tell-tale blush
Which faintly ting'd the lily of her cheek;
Like sportive clouds, which, floating o'er the sky,
Are seen to linger fondly near some star,
Some fav'rite planet of the azure arch,
As if to hide its glow from man's fond view;
So in dark lapses playing o'er her brow,
In mantling tresses of entwining fold,
Her hair, in rich luxuriance, strove to shade
The lustre of her soft respiring eyes,
Which lights the heaven of her lovely face.
Disdaining all the aids of gaudy dress,
The nat'ral beauty of her faultless form
Resistless shone, eliciting by grace,
And not by show, attention from the eye.
With timid unaffected air she came,
Like some ethereal spirit from above,
To lead the world, by precept and by deed,
By sweet endearing ways of innocence,
Through virtue's paths to happiness and heaven.
And when with honied eloquence she spake,
The soul-enthralling cadence of her voice
Stole o'er my mind and unresisting heart,
Like dulcet murmurs from the melting lute.
Could I have purchas'd freedom for a word,
In that sweet hour I'd not for worlds been free!
I gloried in the captive chains of love—
It was my wish and greatest pride to feel
Obsequious to the lovely Licea's will;
A slave, subservient to her smile or frown,
Owing the charter of my all to her.
How oft the thrillings of transported joy
Have stolen on my heart, with life's warm tide,
When she hath deign'd, with approbating smile,

To pay the effort of my wish to please!
How oft, with sorrow's keen corroding pang,
I've seen displeasure cloud her beauteous face!
As when the sun obscur'd would teach the world
The value of his genial noon-tide smile.
I ne'er was careless to her slightest glance,
And ne'er unmindful of one word or wish.
No thought was ever by the tongue express'd,
But oh! 'twas treasur'd with the fondest zeal
By love, and cherish'd with devotion's care.
How many a pang of wild distracting grief
This heart has felt! how many a tender sigh
This hapless bosom giv'n! and floods of tears
These eyes have shed! since that remember'd day
At whose eventful close, on Evon's stream,
I met the timid maid, soft as the dove,
And rich as blue ey'd modesty in charms.
Ah! why, sweet type of all that's fair and pure!
Whose look celestial beams the brightest stamp
Of intellectual grace, and fire of soul,
Of heart as tender as the cherub babes,
Or dew-ey'd Pity, heaven's favourite child,
Why with such attributes—for such are thine—
Regardless of thy future ease of mind,
Art thou the fair destroyer of my peace?
But why should I in bitterness complain
Or why reproach thee with another's crime?
Thee, who hast often said with truth sincere
My love is thine, and heart without reserve.
Forgive, dear girl, the cruelty that flows
From wild distraction, and a heart that's torn
By all the pangs of anguish and despair."

However chimerical such an attachment may appear to the cold and phlegmatic, ignorant of the overwhelming

and tyrannical sway of love in the heart of tenderness predisposed for the reception of its impressions—however they may be inclined to regard it as the offspring of Petrarchian fancy—however sceptically they may view its powerful, and too frequently unhappy effects on the sensitive mind of youth, let them but look into real life as it appears to the eye of the observer, or as it is exhibited in the amatory annals of all ages, and they will find instances parallel with the present. These while they testify that the power of love, on some occasions, can neither be regulated nor modified, even with men more advanced in years, and more frigid in temperament, establish the probable reality of its ungovernable influence in the warm and susceptible breast of Edmund. Those not stoical enough to consider it the flight of fancy, but whose credence of the existence of the domineering inspiration here characterized is not grounded on self-experience; who alike ignorant of the transports and inseparable sorrows of such tenderness, possess alone an ideal acquaintance with its attributes, should not in criticising the portrait which Edmund displayed in all the effusions of his muse, enter into a censure of the feminine softness of his passion, or of the unalterable devotion of his heart. Such as are of disciplined tempers, of manageable and unrebelling natures, in animadverting on the romantic cast of his character, or the wild enthusiasm of his consecrated feelings, or the seductive influence of a sensitive something, which commingling with the vital streams of his frame, and lurking in the remotest recesses of the soul, gave that distinguished peculiarity to his

actions, that impetuous energy, and that despotic violence to his affections so remarkably manifested—if prone to the exercise of severity at a reviewal of his love, should remember the eloquent vindication of Spenser, when accused of effeminacy of spirit in his unrequited attachment for the fair Rosalind, by cotemporary writers too apathetic to have a knowledge of the delicious sentiment they derided:

They ill can judge of love that cannot love,
  Nor in their frozen hearts feel kindly flame:
Wherefore they ought not things unknown reprove,
  Nor natural affection, faultless, blame,
  In fault of few, that have abused the same.
For it of honour and all virtue is
  The root, and brings forth glorious flowers of fame,
That crown true lovers with immortal bliss!
The meed of them that love, and do not live amiss.

To those glowing with effervescence of boyhood, whose sensibilities have not been chilled by disappointment—at a season of youth most ready to listen to the beguiling and infatuating voice of love, sweet as the persuasive song of the siren, the picture here presented of the fatal consequences of its indulgence without the concurrence of reason, or the sanction of hope, may prove a useful and beneficial lesson. As Ulysses, by similar instruction derived from the fatal imprudence of others, was taught how much less difficult to fly the first approaches of enchantment, than, when felt, to withstand and restrain its ravishing influence; so this, it is wished, may evince how much easier it is to suppress a fondness in the moment of its birth, than to extinguish it, when without resistence it has taken possession

of the bosom, and incorporated itself with all the subservient impulses of nature.

Yet, in the innocent freedom of comment, I would not be understood to speak lightly of the most noble incitement of virtue and honour, when properly directed, implanted in the human breast. It would argue a want of feeling, and appear unnatural in a youth, to scorn the most elevated sentiment of the soul, which, in the pure and unvitiated heart, is the monitor which points to the path of virtue—fortifies the mind against the most alluring temptations to vice—and enables it to turn from them with disgust and aversion. Though I lament its unhappy consequences with my friend, who—lost in the indulgence of its uncontrolled predominance—appears to have been insensible to the dictates of discretion, and blind to the barrier fate had erected between him and its object,—I cannot but acknowledge the truth of his declaration

"That it has given the highest elevation to my mind—a purity to my thoughts, which few, who have not realized, can conceive.—I would not shrink from the severest scrutiny—and, since love has held his empire in my breast, I close my eyes at night, as guileless as one whose being is passive."

Yet unless this passion be approbated by prudence, and the object which inspires this spiritualized feeling respond to it with equal ardour, so far from exciting to virtue, or stimulating to laudable ambition, it is the foe to energy, and to every noble characteristic which distinguishes the mind of man. It may be viewed as a malady productive of the most melancholy consequences, by incapacitating

its victim for every employment adapted to the pursuits of genius and which conducts, through the path of preferment, to the post of honour and eminence.

Should it be asked, why this passion is permitted, when imperious circumstances are opposed to the gratification of its wishes?—let me reply by an interrogatory. Can love, in all bosoms, be banished at pleasure? Is it dependent on the will? believe me, no—It is an impulse awakened by the affinities of nature—by the meeting of kindred souls—by a sympathy of feeling in two beings predestined for each other—by a harmony of disposition, and a mental resemblance

"Where thought meets thought ere from the lips it part."

This alone is worthy of the elevated name of love. It is an admiration electrically felt for the beauty, the amiable sweetness, and intellectual graces of its object. It is a reverence and adoration kindled by a timid softness of appearance—by a refinement of sentiment and idea—and a touching modesty of manners, far more productive of pleasure and delight than that elicited from transitory beauty—and is heightened by the association which the fancy frames between the exquisite delicacy of the mind and the glowing beauties of the person. These awaken the idea of something celestial—and, by a fairy deception of imagination, gain an absolute ascendancy over the heart. The indulgence of such a passion, without hope, must, however, be considered as reprehensible, and in a mind endued with romantic sensibility baneful in the extreme.

Yet, when it has become ingrafted with the finer feelings of the soul, it is not so easily eradicated as the vaunting and fallacious declarations of those who are ignorant of its operations would persuade us to believe—for real love is creative of habits, and of a system of conduct, which tend to its own increase, and which furnish food for its own nourishment. It is so mingled with a fondness for retirement, that being under the influence of the one, we are impelled by an irresistible impulse, to indulge in the other. Our thoughts become so etherealized that the common place sentiments of the world seem insipid and disgusting. Amusements, which once afforded delight, we no longer desire—for they can no longer contribute to our enjoyment. A relish for society is extinguished—for we can no more participate its pleasures with satisfaction to ourselves, or with entertainment to others. If the lover has been facetious in conversation, his colloquial talents are no longer exercised—he becomes silent and abstracted —in the midst of frolic and mirth, he is absent, and lost to the enlivening conviviality of his companions—he takes a retrospect of moments passed with the object of his adoration—obtrusive regrets steal upon his mind, and infuse in his manner the sad expression of melancholy—the conversation of those around him is vapid and uninteresting, and by interrupting his delightful reveries, serves to enhance the value of those endearing moments his memory turns to dwell on, with mingled sensations of pleasure and pain—moments perhaps departed—never to return. His face receives the hue of sadness from his meditative mind,

and reflects an uncongenial shade on the smiling aspect of surrounding gayety. To a person of this description, whose heart is engrossed with speculations so delicately refined, and whose dejection arises from so luxurious a source of reflection as is here alluded to, how little attractive must appear the festivity of the board, the sparkle of the glass, or the merriment of the mazy dance! Occupied in contemplating the delightful visions of fancy, he is too much absorbed for the bustle and turmoil of fashionable circles—He feels the impossibility of enjoyment in the ordinary pursuits of the world—shuns the busy throng for the calm retirement of solitude—and when some pleasingly painful recollection forces the tear of sensibility to start, he realizes the truth contained in the beautiful idea of Ossian, that "there is a joy in grief," which has its origin in the tender solicitudes of propitiated love—He experiences the "luxury of woe," and ackowledges, in the indulgence of sorrow of this complexional cast, the existence of a sweet and enviable satisfaction. Through every clime and change of situation, love is the inmate of his bosom, and woman—enchanting and adorable woman—through every region the shrine of his delicious and never-ceasing devotions. What security is here afforded the innocent and confiding child of nature of the constancy of a youth, whose fondness is of that warm and romantic species of passion, which, by Burton, in his anatomy of melancholy, is styled "heroic love!" Without the sacred tie of an engagement which perhaps may be deemed inconsiderate until the judgment of maturity shall have sanctioned, and circum-

stances approved it, he is held by the more flattering and indissoluble ligament of affection. Fate may compel—and oceans may separate him from her—but the mandate of the former, or the waves of the latter, cannot obliterate the remembrance of her beauty, or the impression of her amiable virtues—Innumerable miles may intervene to divide them, but distance cannot affect or diminish the fervour of his admiration. They serve but to remind that the wings of love can surmount every obstacle when the allotted period of probation shall have expired. The most seductive pleasures may be presented to allure, but they cannot divert his thoughts from her, whose image is enshrined in his breast—the idol of its homage and adoration. All the graces of her person, and the accomplishments of her mind, beam in the mirror of reflection, and are magnified by the telescopic eye of imagination. Such is the security a woman is possessed of, in the absence of such a lover, of his constancy, of his fidelity, and unabating ardour of attachment—for can there be a charm equal to the conception of fancy? Is there a being whose personal or mental attractions may not be enhanced by imagination?

The progress of passion is almost imperceptible. We at first become attracted by inexplicable causes, and are hurried into love by an intuitive impulse, which we can neither direct in its tendency, nor regulate in its operation. Happiness is the grand desideratum of every rational being—it is the magnet to which the thoughts of an active mind for ever point—nor can they, in contemplation of it, be uninterested. The person, therefore, who appears to

us to possess the greatest power to bestow that boon, soon becomes in our estimation arrayed with all the attributes of supremacy. We are instinctively fond of the possessor of endowments, which we consider as essential to our felicity. These feminine attractions, however, so bewitchingly influential, are too frequently presented but to delude us insensibly through all the gradations of affection, that we may at last awaken to find ourselves as remote from the object we have been so zealous in wish and desire to obtain, and from the happiness we were in pursuit of, as when the eye first hung upon them with enamoured attention.

After descanting thus elaborately on the subject of love, it would appear incumbent on me to give the reader an idea of the personal charms of Licea, and of those fascinating endearments, which made so deep and immutable an impression on the romantic Edmund, and united him to her, in heart, by ties, which death only could dissolve. The curiosity, which it is natural to suppose he must feel to be made acquainted with the pre-eminence of a woman, whom the poet, for so long a period, made the theme of his song, would seem to require the minute description of her which I here offer—trusting the subject will be my apology should I fall into unnecessary prolixity.

Licea blended with the most exquisite figure,—in which the fastidious artist might have contemplated a model of all the assembled proportions of symmetry,—a face formed to move, with instantaneous interest, the heart of susceptibility. Innocent and unsophisticated, she had not lost that

winning ingenuousness, and those infantile ways, which an intercourse with the world, and an acquaintance with its frivolous customs and dissembling ceremonies are calculated to undermine and destroy. Her personal charms were heightened by the attractions of a mind imbued with the brightest tints of genius and sensibility, which lighted her look with an intelligence—imparted a dignity to her air—and gave an eloquence to her actions—that rivetted, beyond the possibility of abstraction, the attention of those who listened to the fascination of her tongue, the words of which were sweeter than the distillations of the soft-breathing honey flower. Her manners were artless and unaffected, marked with all that captivating frankness which, manifesting an unsuspecting confidence in others, is the most emphatic and unequivocal indication of self-innocence. Her deportment was distinguished by that recoiling timidity—by that ineffable delicacy so irresistibly infatuating, which, with a power almost supernatural, agitates the masculine breast with sensations indescribably strange, and inconceivably delightful—which the most indifferent and frigid cannot behold without an acknowledgment of its influence. An attempt to realize in portraiture the dazzling elegance of her exterior, or the radiant accomplishments of her mind, would prove with me, so limited in descriptorial talent, a fruitless and unavailing effort. 'Tis the muse of the inspired Edmund, that can accomplish so difficult a performance—that can convey a just idea of that mental superiority—of those pre-eminent personal endowments, which, for so long a period, he idolized and so fervently celebrated. Under the guidance of feelings deeply inter-

ested—tenaciously cherishing in her glowing image, engraven on his heart, every evanescent charm and adventitious grace—he could not fail, in a moment rendered favourable to such an undertaking by the propitiating enthusiasm of love, to give a resembling delineation. The following extract from one of his letters, written soon after his acquaintance with her, will spare me the abortive essay to even reflect in picture the constituent beauties of so excelling an original. "Were heaven to send a messenger of peace, or harbinger of happiness to the world, to disseminate the goodly precepts of morality; to inculcate by encouraging exemplification, the principles of religion, and to bring back to virtue those who have been seduced from her maternal fondness by the allurements of error; a being like Licea, I frequently have thought, would be selected as the medium of his holy and celestial purpose—clothed, as she is, in all the excellence of nature, with a piety commensurate with her endeavours, how could she be seen and heard without effecting the intent of her heavenly mission! Her benignity and goodness are so peculiarly the attributes of an angel, that the association would unconsciously steal across the mind, and aiding the sanctity of her revelations could not fail to secure their success, or to render the emanations of devotion deliciously persuasive to the ear and heart of too-unthinking man.

"As the lovely vestal's is herform; in its expression as touching to the soul as the balsamic breath of morn to the animal spirits experiencing in languor and inanity a suspension of that activity, which, awakened, renovates

life with new incitements to pleasure, and new pulsations of enjoyment.

" If your fancy can imbody the spirit of air, then, only then, can you accurately conceive its sylphid contour—then, only then, can you understand the gracefulness of its elastic motions, which the fragile and symmetrical turn of every limb renders bewitchingly influential with the senses, hurrying the fancy into a thousand transporting dreams, and innocent speculations of indefinite bliss. In the impressive elegance conspicuous in her attitudes, may be traced the kindred refinement and polish of a highly cultured mind; for 'tis alone from the splendour of intellect, and the fire of soul, that such an impassioned spell as they possess can be borrowed; stimulating with inebriating effect the impulsions of an enamoured imagination, and rousing all the wildest propensities of love into delectable agitation. A simplicity and playfulness of manner blend in harmonizing consonance with her actions, which, stealing through the avenues of feeling to the heart, are far more seductive and dangerous to a being obedient to the divine inspirations of nature, than all the studied blandishments of the systematic votary of the gay world.

" A rich profusion of hair strays in ringlets, light as ether, adown her neck, and plays in undulating mazes upon her bosom, which for purity and whiteness may be resembled to the snow-woven veil thrown over it by the hand of blushing delicacy. The expression of her soul-breathing eye, whose hue would seem stolen from the ce-

rulean of some mellow morn in spring, is as mutable as the fluctuating sky from which its humid azure was purloined; alternately illumined with sun-shine, or displaying all the gradational and soft-stealing shades of sadness; varying with all the vicissitudes of feeling; now brilliantly animated, now languidly meek; either beaming with the kindling warmth of pleasure, or mildly glowing with the tenderness of sympathetic pity. In moments of reflection there is a pensiveness in her face, which increasing, a sensitive charm, existing under every change and versatility of thought, diffuses a witchery through the lineaments of her countenance, irradiates it with goodness and intelligence; and while it convinces the beholder of the sweetness of her disposition, and of the sensibility of her heart, excites the most profound respect, and the most exalted interest. Her smile is like the tremulous beam seen to join its faint light to the pensive shade of the silvery cloud; her voice is like the music of love, capable of all its consonous modulations—rich in that agreeable melody which steals in melting cadence to the soul, awakening all the thrillings of rapturous delight.

"There is a period in the life of every one, registered in the tablets of the heart, to which the memory attaches itself more fondly than to any other: it excites, in the moment of recollection, feelings which the recall of no other era can inspire—'tis a period deriving its value from some event that unfolds a new spring of being, fixes the mind's eye on a thousand fanciful prospects of felicity, and pro-

mises, with flattering plausibility, the realization of those sanguine anticipations of happiness, which seem like the blossoms of some prolific tree, the hopeful precursors of future fruit. An epoch of this enchanting description I can boast: it gilds the wing of retrospection, and is remembered with the most pleasurable emotions. Fond and frequent are the visitations of thought to that beloved hour when I first beheld those living perfections, which, until then, I believed to be the airy generations of a poet's fancy, delighting in images of uncreated beauty.

"It was May; when the green-mantled bosom of nature expands to the benign influence of love; when the smile of cheerfulness gladdens the serene aspect of creation; when the robin and ring-dove pour their silver-toned strains of thanksgiving; when the rose, the lily, and all the offspring of Flora, breathe their tributary emanations to the invisible hand which fosters them; that indulging in one of my evening walks near the environs of N———, where I had resided for a few days, I was thrown by accident into a path winding its course through a woodland of the most bewildering scenery that the eye of the admiring ruralist ever gazed upon. It was to this stilly unfrequented retreat, beneath the shade of the ivy-vine and honey-suckle, nourished by her own tender care, Licea had stolen, as was her custom, to pass, in silent musings, the tranquil close of departing day: to study the lessons which nature is unceasingly disclosing; to mark the successive changes of her favourite landscape; to watch the expiring sun-beam while tinging with its last faint glow the gently-

swelling billow, and presenting, in the conclusion of its transitory career, one of those pensive emblems of human existence which the meditative and exploring mind hangs upon with the most sublimated interest, indulging in those inseparable associations, which, humbling the heart, harmonize it with the softening sadness of surrounding objects.

"Enticed by the picturesque display of congenial Eve, whose downcast look reflected the farewell smile of day; by the plaintive carol of the lonely bird, who in the solitude of the grove mingled his Lydian murmur with the babblings of the meandering Evon; and by an atmospherical influence, I continued to stray its violet-clad banks, little dreaming my rambles would obtrude me on the retirement of so interesting a moralist.

"I had approached within a few yards of the ivy-clad pine, under whose umbrageous vault she negligently lay, without perceiving the fairy inhabitant of its shade. The broken plaint of her sad-sighing song floated, like the vesper hymn of some pleading saint, upon the almost motionless air: it touched my heart like the admonishing voice of a seraph—it entranced my ear, rivetted my eye, and, like the electric influence of heaven, inspired those awe-exciting emotions the superstitious pilgrim experiences in profanely treading an abode consecrated and hallowed by religious veneration. As if transfixed by the spell of enchantment, I stood, drinking the mournful melody of her tongue, and gazing as on the illusion of a love-created dream of a newly awakened fancy. The glimmering ray

of the low-sunken sun played upon the green-covered branches of the pine, shedding a pellucid light on her auburn-hued locks, stealing in wild transgression from beneath a veil thrown sufficiently aside to kindly discover, without reserve, the soul-speaking features of her face. The pensive cast of the hour, together with her sorrow-breathing theme, the simple narration of a friendless orphan's story, endeared by its striking analogy to her own infant misfortunes and lonely condition—for who so lonely as the parentless!—had woke the reverie of sadness, and given to her countenance a tender melancholy, which, from instant association, recalled the little friend of "other days," to whose memory my muse has so often poured the tributary strain. The intwining boughs of the curling vine, and the sideway direction in which I was placed, enabled me to behold her for a few moments unnoticed. Her song, like the evening spirit's murmur, being finished, she rose as if to indulge in a more extended view of the willow-skirted prospect. The discovery of one so unexpectedly near, a stranger too, hanging with rapt intent on the careless attitudes of unguarded retirement, betrayed her into the sweetest look of surprise; into the most tremulous confusion; adding a thousand beauties to her appearance, and rendering her as lovely as imagination can conceive. Her glance reproved my intrusion, and bereft me of all power to apologize, till, like a vision, she had fled, leaving her image in my heart, traced in the indelible characters of ethereal love."

Immediately subsequent to this event, Edmund, ever more ready to obey the dictates of feeling than of discretion; disdaining a species of finesse tolerated, and exclusively so, in the affairs of love, addressed to her the following letter:

LETTER FIRST.

"If a youth, of whose character, circumstances, and standing in society, you are wholly ignorant, can find an excuse for addressing you, he must plead the force of a new-created impulse; a tyrannic feeling, which has gained the ascendency of every whispering of prudence, and overruled the observance of that etiquette, which the education of a soldier has hitherto taught him to respect. Nothing but the unsuccessful effort I have made to procure an introduction, could have persuaded me to a step which, I fear, by impressing you unfavourably of me, may render unavailing all future exertions to merit your regard, and even ruin me in your estimation for ever. Yet it is the alternative which, from necessity, I have chosen; and however hazardous it may prove, the sweet anticipation of success has determined me to adopt it. If I err, and am so unfortunate as to offend, I must rely on the generous tenderness of your heart for forgiveness.

"But last week arrived in N——— and as yet a stranger to its inhabitants, I in vain might seek to make myself acquainted with you through a person sufficiently intimate to sanction him in such a liberty, though this would comport more with the ceremonious decorum of arbitrary custom; yet the hope of better fortune from the renewal of my attempt, is too faint to satisfy the ardour of my wishes, and the process too slow and uncertain for one to have recourse to who is agitated with the most ungovernable impatience—and success itself, through this medium (if obtained), too remote for

a mind to look forward to, already frenzied with a solicitude which the attendant apprehensions of love render too powerful for the maxims of philosophy to assuage.

" Yes, the delay which presents itself in contemplating this mode of becoming known to you, I might be whole days, weeks, and even months in accomplishing, increases the anxiety to which I am abandoned, and renders every moment an age that denies me the enjoyment for which I unceasingly sigh.

" It can scarcely be necessary to explain to you the author of this effusion of tenderness. You must undoubtedly recognise him in the youth who beheld you a few days since on the banks of the stream, to which accident then conducted him; but which hereafter will become the Loretto of his pilgrimage: the singularity of his deportment, the effect of astonishment at the sight of a being of so celestial an appearance, the mute avowal of admiration he had not the power to suppress, evinced by the most unequivocal testimony, must have instructed you to expect some further declaration of the passion you could not but have been conscious of exciting in his bosom. When the heart is surprised by some new inspiration, and nature assuming her empire, banishes the constraint placed on her by the prudery of the world, the look and manner have an ardency of expression which the tongue cannot equal—in comparison with which words are but as cyphers. At the moment of discovering me, when our eyes reciprocated each others glance, this expression must have disclosed the emotions that deprived me, for a while, of utterance; must have betrayed the feelings, which insensibly impelled me to follow you to the place of your abode; which prompted the inquiries that now furnish the means of conveying to you this letter, with the reception of which, my happiness or misery would appear inseparably blended.

" Be not offended; nor deem me presuming for an act, which the chill advocate of worldly etiquette may condemn;

but which you, so much the image of mercy, will, I am sure, compassionately pardon. Knowing yourself the cause of the feelings which actuate me on this occasion, you cannot be regardless of the consequences they may be productive of; nor can you reflect on the painful suspense I must endure but with the kind concern of a generous sympathizing pity. And if pity has its habitation in the bosom of beauty, the abode assigned it by the poets; or if tenderness is peculiar to the loveliest of forms, I feel that I may indulge a confidence in the hope that these heavenly attributes, of which you must be eminently possessed, must plead to offended delicacy in my behalf. Heretofore I have been disposed to doubt that the first sight of any object could awaken an affection likely to be permanent; but of the error and fallacy of this opinion I am now convinced, and do most confidently believe that there is an influence arising from the kindred nature of two beings predistined for each other; for a mutual interchange of sentiment; for a communion of intellect and soul; which is irresistible in its operation, although the instantaneous effect of such an affinity may be felt and acknowledged, at the first meeting, but by one only. If such a sweet similitude; such an exquisite connexion of spirit did not exist; how could you have given birth to the uncontrollable passion with which my heart at present throbs! It cannot be awakened by the mere influence of beauty; for that I have been accustomed to behold with the slumber of all the impulses which distinguish the beatific character of love. You have inspired me with a feeling which is as deeply rooted in my heart, as if implanted there for years; matured, and fondly fostered by the exercise of all those endearing little acts of friendship, and those expressive offices of kindness, which are the genuine offspring of a sincere and virtuous attachment.

" Yet this acknowledgment may be made to one whose affections are already engaged; to one who is destined to make supremely happy a lover; possessed perhaps of better claims on her esteem than I can probably ever plead. A thousand

fears would persuade me to this belief; for it would seem almost impossible that one so young and lovely, with every charm to attract the admiration of merit, and at an age too when most susceptible, can have the sensibilities of her heart unexcited, can have yet not reciprocated the sentiment she so frequently must have awakened.

"Were it not prohibited by the limits which custom has prescribed to a letter, I should be unconsciously led to continue the expression of this new-born enthusiasm—of this newly created being; for I am no longer what I was. This consideration, and the fear that I have already too greatly transgressed, will allow me only to implore you—if the happiness of a human being is of more value than the sacrifice of that restraint which education, and the tyranny of false pride alone impose on your sex—to tell me if it be my fate to cherish a hopeless fondness, or one which no previous predilection can prevent your responding to. And by this testimony of your goodness and condescension, confirm me in the belief that the brightest of forms is possessed of the gentlest of hearts."

The conduct of Edmund, in thus addressing a person to whom he was unknown, and making so abrupt and premature a declaration of love, may, in some degree, be palliated by the vehement ardency of his feelings, by his fears, and by the difficulties of which he complains in obtaining the introduction he appears to have ineffectually sought for. These considerations, however, can never wholly justify so indiscreet and precipitate a step. Had he reflected for a moment, he would have been aware that the unavoidable consequence of so open and unreserved an avowal of affection from an entire stranger, would be the absence which he so much complains of in his subsequent let-

ters. The embarrassment which would attend another rencontre after such a developement of his sentiments, couched in the warmest language of admiration, would have presented itself to his view; and he must instantly have seen that Licea would be compelled, from a nice sense of propriety, rather to relinquish, for a while, her evening walks, than to hazard being exposed to what a sensative delicacy must shrink from encountering. Had Edmund rambled patiently for a series of evenings on the banks of the Evon, he might, when time had worn away the timidity which his almost indecorous impetuosity was calculated to excite in the retiring beauty, have been blest with other meetings, and possibly, by some accident not less fortunate than the one which first gave her to his eyes, have been favoured with an occasion to exercise those "endearing little acts of friendship," and "those expressive offices of kindness" which he justly conceived the indications of love, and which should never fail to precede its tender declaration.

Though it was a subject of complaint with him, that he received no reply to this letter, yet to the reader, acquainted with the exquisite refinement of the female mind, it will not occasion surprise; he will expect to see it doomed to apparent neglect, however she may have compassionated his condition, or been warmed with a secret desire of obtaining his acquaintance through those forms the rules of society have established. And that this was its fate, the following epistle will confirm.

LETTER SECOND.

"Sensible of the error which the imperious ardour of my nature hurried me to commit, and convinced, from your silence, of having offended, I have walked morn, noon, and night, on the banks of the stream, with the anxious expectation of seeing you, that I might, at your feet, expiate my offence, and receive the pardon which contrition merits. Whole hours have I been seated beneath the pine, where first I had the happiness of meeting you, with the hope that some kind power would direct your footsteps to the spot in which I have sought you each succeeding evening in vain; in vain has my heart throbbed with expectation; in vain has it glowed with hope. Morn after morn, and eve after eve have passed away, without my realizing what can alone be capable of affording me a moment's happiness. Your absence is aggravated by a thousand apprehensions—a thousand tormenting conjectures. Say, adorable Licea, has a presentiment of my intention to express to you the mingled feelings which distract me, kept you away? Does a fear of my intrusion induce you to relinquish the pleasure of the delightful rambles which, I am told, you have been accustomed to make through the first part of this vernal month? Rather than harbour this belief, I would exile myself from the banks of the streamlet for ever—nay, I would even renounce the fascinating hope of ever seeing you again, and yield myself a voluntary victim to the emotions which now distract my breast, and deprive me of the power of attending longer to the pursuits which call me to reside so near your paradisal abode—Yes, this is my resolution. Farewell, adorable woman! No more shall you be assailed with the plaints of a bosom you have agonized with sensations, which heaven forbid it should be your lot ever to experience. Be as happy as you are lovely and innocent; and never may the reflection of having made a fellow-being miserable occasion you a pang, or shade the lustre of those pleasures which cannot fail to attend youth, beauty, and so much apparent excellence.

" Alas! pleasure with me is o'er; for what prospect of happiness can present itself to one who wanders the world, alienated, as it were, from his heart, and from all the best feelings of the soul. Yet were it not for a circumstance fatal to my peace, which, like the arrow of remorse, will rankle in my memory while its sentient energies shall remain, I could feel a portion of resignation to this banishment, whilst submitted to with the thought that it is required by one at whose disposal are my life, my honour, my all: to whose influence all the pulses of nature are subservient. But the recollection that your displeasure through all my vagrant wanderings will attend me; and the stinging reflection will be ever uppermost in my mind, that atonement and contrition had not procured the forgiveness which it is necessary for my future peace to obtain.

" O think, lovely woman, ere you suffer me to depart, how many moments of sorrow you may prevent by one generous act of condescension. But why should I urge what the silence you have observed renders me sensible you consider a violation of delicacy—the sweetest monitor implanted in the female bosom! Far be it from my wish to invite a deviation from what I so much venerate and admire. Yet should not this rigid tenacity be relaxed, and viewed as a minor consideration, when the welfare and destiny of one who adores you is at stake? But I will make use of no arguments to induce your acquiescence to what you have manifested such repugnance to. No, I will be silent for ever. I will bid you an eternal farewell."

This tender and pathetic appeal to the sensibility of Licea, appears to be admirably calculated to awaken in her an interest of feeling, and to produce the reply so persuasively supplicated by Edmund, even had the feminine delicacy he so disinterestedly commends been awakened

into the exercise of its most strenuous dictates; offering a more than ordinary reproof of conduct militating so injuriously against the sovereignty which prudence should ever possess over the actions of a sensitive and impassioned female.

Whether the pleadings of pity, which are ever strong and eloquent in the generous bosom of woman, can excuse or palliate the indiscretion which a young girl must be considered guilty of in entering into a correspondence with a youth and stranger, whose sentiments are breathed in the glowing protestations of love, mingled with the most refined and insinuative compliment, it will be more the duty of the reader than of the editor to determine. From this first deviation it will be seen how difficult it is to retrace our path, when we have once been deluded by the sophistry of our hearts into the labyrinth of error: the child of feeling will perceive how, from one inadvertent step, we are hurried imperceptibly on through the retentive mazes of wrong, till we at last acquire an insensibility to our offences, which renders us wholly blind to their extent. But it is a task better adapted to the phlegmatic and obdurate temper of the stoic, to animadvert on the involuntary indiscretion of youth, under the prevailing influence of feeling, than to the disposition of one whose sympathy can never fail to be excited at the name of the mistress of his ever-remembered and lamented friend.

Although the answer to this letter was not precisely such as the hopes of Edmund would have dictated, yet it was calculated to free him from the torments of sus-

pense, and alleviate the tortures occasioned by the apprehension that the too precipitate avowal of his passion had offended the idol of his heart beyond the power of atonement. The rapture, however, to which her condescension gave birth was not without its alloy, as it will appear from his complaints in the following letter.

LETTER THIRD.

"To the heart acquainted with the thrill of sensibility, what pleasure can there be more elevated, what rapture more genuine, than that experienced in giving an unrestrained expression to the effusions of gratitude, which, on some occasions, involve every active principle of the human breast! It is the acknowledgment of this sublimated sentiment which emancipates us from the idea of obligation, and restores to the mind the independence so essential to its dignity, and so necessary to the attainment of the happiness it is ever in pursuit of. Yet how can I instruct my pen, lovely and adorable woman! to thank you as my soul, penetrated with a sense of your goodness, would dictate? How give expression to the feelings your condescension has awakened? How paint the impassioned admiration your generosity has excited? Engaged, as you are, in the fascinating circles of fashion, surrounded by friends and admirers, and receiving the flattering homage which beauty and accomplishments never fail to command, how could I, even in the sanguine moments of passion, when every wish was on the wing of anticipation, have calculated on this proof of tenderness towards me, a stranger, supplicating your pity, with scarcely a claim to your notice. It is this circumstance that has enhanced the merit of your kindness, and interwoven the ties of obligation with those of love; rivetting me more indissolubly to you than ever.

"There are beings (but I sincerely hope they are few), who are wholly ignorant of the pleasure which ever attends the exercise of a gracious beneficence. I do not mean those alone who are chilled by the apathetic influence of arbitrary age; there are also those in the bloom of youth who, glowing with the apparent traits of humanity, are destitute of its warmth, are insensible to the whisperings of that self-approbation, that internal complacency, which ever reward a virtuous compassion. But you have given the sweetest manifestation of a soul expanded by philanthropy; of a bosom that can be no stranger to the delight which flows from the desire of alleviating the pangs which you have innocently caused. And who that has ever seen your countenance, beaming with the irradiations of divinity, could doubt the sensibility of your heart, or believe you would be regardless of mitigating those inquietudes which it has been your lot to awaken?

"As it is the most unpardonable of all sins to wilfully occasion distress, so it is the most amiable of all virtues to diffuse happiness to the extent of our power, and to enter into the sufferings of the sorrowing with the benevolent intent of softening them by our sympathy. In the pure and unvitiated heart there is an inherent promptitude to this most noble and disinterested of all duties. Such a heart is ever agitated with a thousand impulses of kindness, emanating from that fount of humanity whence the richest of all the social affections have their origin. The happy possessor of these invaluable gifts of nature cannot be injured in the friendly exercise of them by the ungenerous constructions of envy, and, therefore, should never be deterred from so inestimable a privilege by the dark insinuations of those, whose efforts are almost exclusively directed to the censure of actions which they cannot imitate. You, lovely and generous Licea, have a heart enriched with these evangelical endowments; those impulses of tenderness which, I am nearly tempted to say, reflect honour on the great Creator who bestowed them—nor will you, I

hope, be ever prevented from obeying their dictates by the cold and prudential restraints of the world, by the stoical rules of the affected formalists, or the remarks of those whose censure is but an acknowledgment of your superiority.

"The excuse, you so delicately have framed, for not having replied before to my letter I cannot but reverence. It would be sweetly soothing to my mind, which has been tortured with the fear of your displeasure, and dearly grateful to a feeling of pride my nature cannot divest itself of; deeply wounded by your apparent disregard of my entreaties—were it not for the sentence which immediately follows, which it serves, by contrast, to embitter, and to make the cruel interdiction it contains insupportable.

"O Licea, was such kindness displayed with the view of augmenting the heart-rending despondency my unhappy situation has already fated me to endure? For the purpose of rendering doubly poignant the regrets such a determination is calculated to produce? If it was, and you are resolved to hear from me no more, you have, indeed, studied the most refined lessons of cruelty and made yourself acquainted with a wanton unkindness which maturer years have seldom a knowledge of. But it cannot be your intention to adhere to this resolution, or you would not have been desirous of exalting my admiration by the generous and ennobling sentiments interwoven with every line of your letter.

"What motives can you have for entering into such a resolution? Can you consider it criminal to listen to the innocent expression of a passion which owes its existence to yourself? Do you believe that wrong which nature's most eloquent persuasions are exerted to approve? Look to creation; contemplate it through its continued diversity, and say is there aught in its extensive range that does not acknowledge the influence of this heavenly inspiration? Hark to the carol of the bird that, from the willow near your casement, pours forth in fondness his tender songs to his responding mate. See the rose tree whose timid blossom is the lovely

emblem of yourself and mark how fondly its kindred flowerets entwine. The morn and evening gales, filled with the fragrance of a thousand amorous plants, are the dulcet breathings of nature's adoration to that omnipotence that created for happiness the great universe we behold—which presents the moralizing eye with one vast and instructive lesson of celestial love. Then suffer not the cold prudery of the world to prevent your listening to the voice of one of the most pure and unalterable affections that ever virtue fostered in the bosom of man; nor allow its absurd notions to suppress in your own heart the most elevated emotions it can be susceptible of.

"Alas! Licea, would you extort from me a promise I have not the power to make? Would you bind me by an engagement which every principle that governs and actuates my actions would impel me to violate? In every other command it shall be my greatest happiness to be subservient; but with this I must not—I cannot comply. A world cannot purchase obedience, for I have not the power to obey.

"O do not, I conjure you, Licea, insist on what you have commanded. Reflect, I implore you, on the remorse which my compliance with what you require will hereafter occasion you—for while I have life, all the impulses of my heart will be yours—and with every breath will be mingled expressions of the impassioned fondness, which, I feel, can cease only with my existence."

Had this letter, which appears to be the spontaneous effusion of gratitude, been written with the most elaborate care, and dictated by the most wary art, it could not have been more happily expressed to win upon the heart of her to whom it was addressed. The sentiments of a moral cast which are here and there interspersed were admirably directed to the pious feelings for which Licea was distin-

guished. This, however, must have been rather the occurrence of accident than of design, as Edmund, at so early a period, could not have been acquainted with this characteristical turn of her mind. The appeal to her feelings made in the concluding sentence of this letter was happily calculated to awaken into influential operation the fears which are ever ready, on such an occasion, to engross the bosom of a credulous timid girl, possessing an imagination vivid and prolific; and a memory stored from the pages of romance, with instances of the fatal consequences of a lover's despair. These alarms may, perhaps, have produced a revocal of the resolution alluded to in his letter, and dictated the tenderness which her second reply would appear to contain; in which she manifests the most flattering confidence in the generous feelings of his bosom, by confessing herself unhappy. And, in acknowledging her sorrows augmented by being the innocent cause of another's wretchedness, without having it in her power (as she expressly says), of "offering that alleviation which the inclination of her heart, uncontrolled by the allotment of destiny, would prompt;" she innocently discloses the deep degree of interest she already feels in his welfare, and discovers, by a most captivating artlessness, that she is not wholly indifferent to the impassioned asseverations of his affection.

It has already been observed that Licea was an orphan; without living relations; affianced by her guardian to a man whom she did not love. The first of these misfortunes she has hinted of, in her reply to his former letter, and ambiguously alluded to the latter, both of which Edmund has

dwelt upon, in a manner, and in a language of friendship, calculated to offer the most soothing comfort. The first melancholy circumstance he has made a subject for moral reflection, mingled with it a delicate praise ever grateful to the desponding mind believing itself destitute, and which, if administered by a real and unaffected sympathy, can rarely fail to be pleasingly assuasive and consolatory. Of the latter he has spoken in terms sufficiently emphatic to deter her from a union disapproved of by her heart, and unadvocated by the persuasive whisperings of affection.

I shall conclude my remarks on this letter with the expression of my approbation of the sentiments it contains, and with some assurance that in this the reader will concur. I give it in part for his perusal.

LETTER FOURTH.

"I thank you, most amiable and beloved Licea, for this new evidence of the generous tenderness of your heart, and for the assurance your letter contains, that there is no being in whose welfare and happiness you do not feel an interest, or whose felicity you would not feel a pleasure in promoting. Is it not natural to believe this interest must be rendered lively in proportion to the connexion which exists between the person who excites it and yourself? If so, though what you remark is true, that I am a stranger, yet, if what I am told be equally true, that you are without parents or relations, where is there, in the universe, one who can claim a nearer connexion than myself? allied to you, as I am, by the strong and indissoluble ties of the most fond and disinterested affection; by an affinity which will live even beyond this transitory state.

"You tell me, lovely Licea, that the dispensations of fate have already furnished you with too many causes of unhappiness, without having your sorrows augmented by my complaints; and that the few fleeting moments of contentment, which the remembrance of your early misfortunes suffers you to enjoy, have now become clouded by a knowledge of the wretchedness you have occasioned me, without possessing the power of "offering that alleviation which the inclination of your heart, uncontrolled by the allotment of destiny, would prompt."

"Heaven forbid that I should, by the utterance of my sufferings, add to the inquietudes you say your bosom has already been made acquainted with. And can it be, that one so young and innocent, with all the choicest characteristics of perfection, has experienced the regrets and sorrows of which you so feelingly complain! Though the hand of that God, who wills the destiny of every human being, has deprived your infant years of the fostering tenderness of a fond parent, and never permitted you to know the blessings of an affectionate brother, or the worth of a kind sympathizing sister, you should, by contrasting your situation with that of thousands around you, be contented with the condition his unrevealed purpose has allotted you. Were you to indulge in the contemplation of his bounty; were you to think of that beneficence which has formed you with every endowment that can adorn your person, and dignify your mind; enriched you with those rare invaluable gifts, which would seem the lovely attributes of a superior and celestial being, and which do indeed elevate some of your sex above the works of this sublunary creation, the clouds that darken your youthful days would be dissipated by the gratitude which reflections so benignly soothing would awaken.

"But there may exist other sources of sorrow to which I am a stranger. Oh! if there do, let me, by the most disinterested proffers of service, invite your confidence. I have a thousand sweet and animating inducements to engage my ut-

most exertions in so delightful a devotion. For as love kindles with joy at the happiness of its object, so it participates its troubles, and shares its misfortunes. Whatever it is your lot to feel inimical to your tranquillity, it also is my destiny, in bitterness, to experience. I am bound to you by such cords of sympathy as render me alive to all that may afflict you. Sweet is a communion like this, when the sadness which casts you down, depresses me also into dejection. If the warmest friendship and affection are not deemed by you a sufficient incitement to my endeavours, or reasonable claims to your reliance, let me call your notice to my profession. Remember there can be no bosom more safe to repose trust in than that of a soldier, educated in the school of honour, and in every principle that can elevate the man above an ungenerous guilty act, whose heart glows with every sentiment which can attach him to the fortunes of a destitute friendless female.

"Do I conjecture right? Is it that you are compelled by the speculative and mercenary views of an unworthy guardian, or unfeeling relative, to bestow your hand without the concurrence of your heart? If so, then in truth you have no unreal cause for unhappiness: then, in the anguish of despair, you may say, "my sufferings are already too great to be augmented by the knowledge of another's wretchedness." Few can be the anticipated felicities of a woman, even with the ordinary feelings of the sex, who is to be united for life with a man whom she does not prefer to every other being in the universe. But with a young and sensitive girl, glowing with that creative tenderness, that exquisite sensibility, which awaken the first impulses of love, invest it with an ardour commensurate with its purity, rendering it, in the delicious moment of requital, the most blissful sentiment of the soul, it must, indeed, be the most deplorable of all calamities. Where there is not this inspiration, the form and ceremony of marriage can only be viewed as a legal sanction of what I will not offend your delicacy by naming. Let me beseech

you, amiable woman, to suffer no consideration of duty to induce you to make a passive sacrifice of your happiness, by an union with one whose smile and approbating voice awake not the soft thrillings of pleasure in your breast; whose love-breathing attentions rouse not the dearer, more expressive sensation of heart; the higher and more fervent emotions of an expanding soul; the gentle agitations of which are but the whisperings of persuasive fondness; the sweet responses of that sacred and sublimated passion, which must be reciprocated to secure the virtuous and unalloyed enjoyment known only to those whose conjugal ligaments are assimilating feelings; are those endearing ties of affection and sympathetic associations of mind, which owe not their existence to will, but whose ethereal origin is a kindred organization of nature.

"If you have consented to yield unhesitatingly to the depraved suggestions of interestedness—to give yourself away for the gratification of another's avarice, when a secret something revolts at the violence offered to inclinations you cannot suppress, you but wed yourself to misery. I have been a witness of the wretchedness you must inevitably be involved in from such blamable acquiesence in the guilty views of sordid selfishness. Memory, at this moment, recalls a melancholy instance of a lovely unhappy-fated girl, with every prospect of felicity which beauty, worth, and fortune could present, becoming the silent and unresisting victim of the tyranny of a stern and unrelenting father. I will not make your heart bleed by a description of the horrors of her lot; of the anguish that rendered hateful the dawn of her connubial day, and awakened the most remorseful retrospection at its evening close. I will not depicture the jealousies and cruelties of an unbeloved husband; nor will I say how much the distress of so cheerless a condition was aggravated—was bitterly increased, by the secret predilections of girlhood; by the cherished preferences of her repining bosom. For the young and susceptible heart cannot be governed by the apho-

risms of a stoical philosophy; it cannot dispose of its affections as prudence may will them; nor can its wishes and spontaneous desires be controlled or regulated by the authority of an ambitious and unfeeling parent.

"Think not, adorable woman, that there can be any law, human or divine; any duty, however imperious, which demands the sacrifice of what reason and the impressive precepts of nature concur in teaching us to obtain. There is a duty which we owe to ourselves paramount to every other. It would be impossible for us religiously to obey the commands of our creator, and through life to perform what he has enjoined on us, if, in the first step of our career, we place ourselves in a situation to make temptation to error successfully seductive. O Licea, I conjure you by your duty to God and to yourself, if your sorrows are occasioned by a gloomy apprehension of the irremediable woes, which inevitably attend a connexion not sanctioned by the sentiment, which I am sure you are formed most deliciously to feel, to remove them, by a resolution which will do honour to your judgment; be accordant with every equitable law, every dictate of duty, and operative principle of the rational mind.

"Notwithstanding the perusal of your last letter affords me a subject of inward gratulation I can scarcely express my estimation of, yet a repetition of the cruel interdiction, before complained of, cannot fail to mingle with it an alloy of pain, which, although not a counterpoise to the solace your condescension bestows, cannot fail to shade with saddening fears the sweet promises of excursive anticipation. Why, Licea, are you so unkind as to reiterate commands which you have deprived me of all power to comply with? Can you suppose (as you say) that the strongest attestation of the regard I profess, would be an obedience to a prohibition which denies me all hope of ever becoming more known to you than at present? Do not, Licea, persist in requiring of me what I cannot perform. Does he, who awoke by his word this wondrous creation, and diffused through all nature an inconceivable at-

traction forbid our indulgence in the contemplation of its beauties? Then why, Licea, when you have enslaved my mind with a spell of fascination not to be broken, do you demand of me an opposition to its irresistible influence, which I have not the power to make. Do not continue, I intreat you, to ask of me a testimony of the sincerity of my protestations I am utterly unable to offer. Previously to the perusal of your letter, when I viewed you as the child of gayety and pleasure, an attempt to tear myself from you, made under the influence of pride, and a sense of the necessity of such a step, might have been attended with success; but now, with a knowledge of your sorrows, the effort would be fruitless. And why would you force me to an experiment fraught only with despair?

"There is a romantic interest excited in my bosom, by a knowledge of your early losses, which chains me to you more irrevocably than ever; and though, Licea, you may have made, as you have said, the last answer I am to expect to my letters, yet I will feel a secret satisfation in reading over again and again those I have already received; and knowing that I am sometimes remembered by the most excellent of her sex, will endeavour to be resigned to the restrictions and privations she imposes; and while acting in unavoidable disobedience to your commands, the thought that you are, yourself, the cause of it, shall console me, and soften the regrets I must otherwise too agonizingly experience."

It will be unnecessary for me to follow Edmund through all his progressive advancement in the favour and affections of Licea; its different gradations will be more pleasingly traced in his poems, from which it appears that but a very short time elapsed between the commencement of his correspondence and his personal acquaintance with the object of that fondness which we find rewarded with

the reciprocity, which a similarity of disposition, and congeniality of feeling rarely fail to secure.

But happiness seldom exists long without vicissitude and interruption, and he who thinks to obtain it, unclouded with obtrusive sorrows, and unmingled with alloy, pursues but the phantom of a dream; from which disappointment will, sooner or later, awaken him to the fallacy of so fanciful an expectation.

From the inebriating influence of those delightful schemes of pleasure and enjoyment which love, fertile in delusion, is for ever creating in the imaginations of its votaries; from looking forward with the figurative eye of anticipation, and contemplating his approaching union with the object of his adoration with the pleasing certainty which the sanguine and inexperienced mind of youth, unlessoned in disappointment, is apt to make coequal with its wishes; we find Edmund summoned by the imperious call of honour, and the active duties of his profession, to the field of glory. In the Exile, a poem written some time subsequent to the period in which this event occurred, he has thus spoken of it, and of the feelings which it gave birth to.

"When from his couch of peace, with air sublime,
The guardian genius of our happy clime
Arose, and bade the gallant Preble lead
His fearless sons, in honour's cause to bleed;
Call'd on the best and noblest of the brave
To bear his starry standard o'er the wave.
Though then a youth, each pulse beat high for fame,
And throbb'd, ambitious of a soldier's name."

The part which Edmund took in the glorious and important successes of our little navy in the Mediterranean, was such as gained the highest approbation of the gallant Commodore he so justly celebrates. During an absence of two years he continued to correspond with Licea, and to awaken his lyre in praise of her charms, from the durable influence of which, neither time nor separation could release him. Nor were love and Licea the only themes which his muse selected for the employment of her song. The celebration of the achievements of our squadron was a strain in which she delighted; and in a poem of nearly a thousand stanzas entitled "the siege of Tripoli," we find her recording the toilsome march of an Eaton, through the dreary wilds of Lybia; the heroic bravery of a Preble; the illustrious career of Decatur; with all the heroic exertions of others deserving commendation.

On his return from this arduous service, Edmund had the good fortune to find that affection in the bosom of his mistress had experienced no diminution, during his long and painful separation from her.

The plan he adopted to announce to her his return, was admirably calculated, in case the ardour of her attachment had abated in his absence, to awaken it with all its original and wonted fervour. From the serenade composed on that occasion, he appears to have well known how sweet, in the stillness of the night, is the voice of a lover returning from afar. And if we may judge from the following stanza, we must suppose him truly acquainted with its natural effect on the anxious and expecting heart.

" 'Tis thy Edmund return'd, O be not afraid,
No fears e'er alarm the soft breast of the dove;
Nor the heart of the fond timid gazel invade,
Surpris'd with the long-absent greetings of love."

At midnight, through the medium of song, to convey to her the first intelligence of his return, was an idea happily conceived; being pregnant with a romantic something, ever consonant with the feelings, and correspondent with the taste of a young enamoured girl.

Having been induced, with a view of explanation, to give the reader such letters as formed the commencement of the correspondence of Edmund with Licea; indulging the hope that they will not prove uninteresting, I shall offer several written at its close. They will not only make him acquainted with the character of their author; with the cast of his mind, and the refinement of his unalterable attachment; but they will serve to confirm the truth of several remarks, made by me in the opening of this introduction. The letter that immediately follows contains the first expression of those fears and apprehensions, which proved the fatal presages of his approaching misery.

LETTER.

" Take back, my idolized friend, the manuscript book, consecrated by having already been yours; and forgive, I pray you forgive, the little inquietudes, this strange influence of a thousand coalescing feelings has caused me to occasion. You have indeed, Licea, the most generous and benevolent heart that ever throbbed, the tenant of a woman's bosom. A kind forgiving disposition is one of the noblest gifts of nature, and

an invaluable acquisition to its possessor; then where is there one more blest than yourself, good and amiable as you are.

" Will you believe me when I protest, that the restoration of the poems was requested solely with a view to discover if they were of sufficient worth to create a reluctance in parting with them? to draw from you some small indication of their having been valued; to extort some flattering confession of their being still prized by you; for you cannot be a strange to the mingled emotions of pleasure and gratitude I experience in receiving the little proofs of favour with which you oftentimes distinguish me. You cannot but know, that there is not a word which escapes you, conveying the slightest evidence of esteem, that is not dearly cherished, and fondly acknowledged by my overflowing heart; that there is not a look, or an act of yours, from which love can gather the smallest testimony and corroboration of affection, which my thoughts do not dwell upon with scrutinizing and rapturous attention.

" It is impossible, through the medium of language, to give expression to the feelings, and exhilarating sensations, which your captivating courtesy of conduct, and ineffable goodness have, like the fairy spells of enchantment, awakened in a heart that can never fail to retain the most joyous remembrance of them. The language of the look is alone adequate to this sweet duty; for it is the look that speaks with the genuine eloquence of the soul.

" O Licea, though I sigh and languish each day for new instances of your regard, and attestations of your esteem, and am depressed with sadness when they are withheld from me, yet I cannot but feel too conscious of their being dangerous to my repose. A dark and dreadful presentiment hangs, like a thickening cloud, over my mind—a thousand prophetic fears have taken possession of my bosom. It is, when receiving marks of your approbation, when distinguished by your attention and kindness, that these fears and foreboding apprehensions obtrude to embitter moments

too replete with pleasure to be of long continuance. We are not born for uninterrupted joy. Brief is the blossom of pleasure. How often in its dawn, and even in the moment that promises its rich maturity, is it nipt by the rude gale of misfortune? is it blighted by the deadly blast of disappointment? Recall to your recollection the regretted rose on which you lavished such attentive care, on which you bestowed such envied tenderness. How flattering was its infant appearance, yet how short was its duration: ere it met the glowing noon of its prime, faded and fled were its beauties; its leaves were withered and scattered to the coursing wind. What we place our hope of happiness in to-day, may to-morrow be taken away, and leave the deluded victim of fallacious expectation to mourn over the uncertainty of all earthly reliances. It is by these little endearing attentions I experience; these soul-born testimonies of your affections I receive, that innumerable and indissoluble ties are formed to bind me to you for ever. Do you not, my engaging and infatuating friend, sometimes reflect on the consequences that may result from such soul-soothing kindness towards me; from the honorary marks of distinction with which you reward my ambition to merit your predilection? If the caprice, which is said to influence the actions of your sex, should lead you to bestow on another the favours at present conferred on me, will you not be answerable for the misery such an event must occasion? If you should become the wife of S*****, while my devoted bosom glows with affection, would not the daily remembrance of your tenderness towards me rush to your recollection, with accusations of being the destroyer of my peace? But why, by such gloomy interrogations, should I distress your heart, or induce you to alter a deportment, which if any other than what it now is, would rob me of that rationality which the wrongs of love only can effect?

"Conscious of being-beloved, and feeling a responsive something which animates you to an avowal of fond-

ness, you forget that my expectations of fortune, which tempted your guardian's acquiescence to our union, are blasted: you forget his recent manifestations of breaking off the intimacy between us, which he, for so long a period, has approbated: you do not sufficiently heed the indications of a renewed determination to give you to my rival, whose wealth is considered by him more than a counterpoise to the many objections you have hinted of. Alas! Licea, governed alone by avarice, regardless of promises so frequently reiterated, he has resolved, I fear, to chain you to the destinies of one who, even now, exultingly triumphs in the secret certainty of becoming your husband.

"Alas! Licea, a regard for your future conjugal tranquillity; a respect for the opinion of the world, require the exercise of every effort and energy of my mind to free myself from the fascination of your endearments, and to relinquish all the golden dreams of happiness, I have, from the inebriation of passion, indulged in. Each returning day convinces me of the propriety of such a step; of the necessity of such an exertion; for each day brings with it a conviction of the detestable intention of your friends to make you the sacrifice of their narrow and mercenary views. If in my heart tenderness for you is susceptible of increase, it is in the moments when these agonizing alarms, these darkening presages, steal across my mind. It is while dwelling on the dependence of your situation, that all the sympathies of my soul are tremulously awakened.

"Ah! innocent Licea, you deceive yourself in the reliance you place on the appeal you propose to make to the generosity of your guardian's nature; and which, you believe, will melt the iron obduracy of his heart, and leave you to a free indulgence of your wishes. The hope you so sanguinely entertain that he will not insist on a connexion, you tell me you feel the greatest repugnance in speaking of, is like the vision of a pleasing reverie; the phantom of a delightful dream; flattering to your desires, and therefore difficult to

resign. Guided in your judgment of others by the amiable dictates of a liberal and elevated mind, and ignorant of the stubborn insensibility of age, when under the chilling influence of the cold calculating schemes of gain, you cannot be persuaded of how small a consideration your happiness becomes, when clashing with the dazzling allurements and advantages proffered by the acquisition of wealth.

"But, Licea, the natural goodness of your disposition; the sense of gratitude which you cannot but feel for him who has had the care of your infant years, and the fear of his displeasure, will concur in reconciling you to his arbitrary will, and in inducing you to resign yourself to the importunate solicitations of the man who is thought worthy of your inestimable heart. A struggle between duty and inclination will be felt, but the conflict will be momentary. The false notions you entertain of duty will prevail, and the resolutions, to which your affection for me had given birth, will yield to the imperious commands of the one, and the persecuting perseverance of the other. Edmund then, neglected and forsaken—but not forgotten—will have lost all that the universe contains dear and interesting, and like one tired of existence, will silence the complainings of his heart, and find release from his sorrows in the slumber of the tomb.

"These afflicting presentiments, while they heighten the value of my present felicity, prepare me for the overwhelming anguish the deprivation of your society will hereafter occasion. Yet, even when interdicted the greatest of all possible enjoyments, the pleasing certainty of living in your remembrance, will buoy me up, amidst the pressure of my griefs, and allow me to indulge the flattering dreams of salutary hope. The tender expressions of your love, treasured in my heart, and interwoven with the indelible impressions of affection your beauty and your virtues have engraven there, will for ever recur to a doting memory, with the endearing manner in which they were made. Although they cannot secure to me the happiness you are destined to bestow, yet

they will speak to me of days blest with the impassioned and guiltless delights of love; yes, they will be fondly cherished, even when you shall have consented to a marriage that will render my adorations criminal. My passions, eternally hopeless, shall be recalled, even when time, and resignation to your lot, shall have blotted me from your mind, and nothing remains for memory to hang a recollection on but my errors and my faults."

The little artifice of requesting the return of the manuscript poems, in order to ascertain whether they possessed any value in the estimation of Licea, was one of those stratagems a lover feels a pleasure in practising, although it may be wrong, as it certainly is often dangerous to have recourse to those of a more serious complexion; yet such as no harm can issue from, may be innocently resorted to, as was by Edmund, with the most gratifying success. Sweet are the confirmations they oftentimes extort of affection, and delightful the indications they frequently afford of fondness in the lovely female's bosom, whose timid tongue is silenced by her fears.

The presentiment felt by Edmund, that he should soon be forbidden the society of his mistress, we find from letter fifty-sixth, was not the idle fear of fancy. From that epistle it will be seen, that finding his attentions and his presence were the cause of Licea's being subjected to many restrictions on her conduct, and many deprivations without any hope of a more generous disinterestedness in her guardian, he adopted the painful but magnanimous determination to leave the place of her residence.

The letters which conclude the correspondence are filled with the expressive and touching breathings of complaint, which diffuse through them a pensiveness and melancholy, never displeasing to a reader capable of sympathizing in the sufferings of a sensitive and romantic heart; contending with the baneful sovereignty of an unhappy and deep-rooted passion; and struggling with the sorrows which such a misfortune can never fail to awaken in a bosom susceptible of the fervent and fadeless affection he became the early victim of. Tender without affectation, passionate without extravagance; they could not but have impressed the compassionate Licea with the glowing ardour and purity of his attachment, nor failed to have roused her, by the sharpest stings of regret, from the mental insensibility which continual despondency will produce in a being unaccustomed to drink of the bitter cup of affliction. Without the alloy of any indecorous or censurable sentiment, they contain but little I am disposed to expunge. To some there may appear in them an exceptionable effusion of warmth, and a feminine fervency, incompatible with a dignified and masculine temperance. But when it is considered they were written under the overwhelming influence of disappointed love, and the corroding feelings of the deepest and most distressing remorse, we cannot look upon the enthusiasm, which kindles with romantic wildness in many passages of them as either unnatural or immoderate.

LETTER FIFTY-SIXTH.

"It is now past midnight. Licea, my innocent and adorable Licea, is at rest. Tranquil and unbroken are her slumbers. Oppressed and borne down with troubles I could welcome repose; but alas! my eyes, though weary and languid, are strangers to this soother of the sorrowing. The balmy softness of sleep will visit them no more. The heavenly tenant of my bosom is fled. Contentment is no longer its inhabitant. The pillow, over which the mild beam of peace is not shed, cannot invite, cannot be desirable. I fly from it, a wretched fugitive. All the weakness of my heart is awakened, and like a child I weep, without the power of restraining my tears. This moment convinces me that a soul insensible to fear, may become the sport of feeling, and yield to all the overbearing emotions of despair.

"I have dreaded to reflect on what the coldness of your guardian's conduct, and his daily conferences with S***** forboded as inevitable. I have long, with trembling apprehension, seen that our intercourse, so replete with the most pleasurable privileges, would meet with interruption, and that I should be compelled to resign you to the odious importunities of the man, whom you consider as the murderer of your peace. And has that period arrived, the bare anticipation of which has so frequently awakened in my bosom a thousand regrets to contend with the rapturous felicities the blessings of your society could never fail to afford? Alas! my sorrows are insupportable. But you are acquainted with the fervour of my attachment, I therefore need say nothing of the agonizing distress they occasion me. You can conceive the poignancy of my griefs by the supreme pleasure your smile, or the slightest indication of your esteem, has, regardless of place or circumstance, always afforded me.

"This late act of inhuman cruelty in your guardian, has determined me on what you did not seem to approbate, when

we last were together. All my resolution is summoned; and to-morrow, ere the soft beam of morn shall have gladdened the silver-waved Evon, I bid adieu to the spot where the sweetest moments of life have been passed; endeared by being the birth-place and residence of the most incomparable of women; by a thousand recollections of hope, of sadness, and of delight; to which, through all my wanderings, I shall turn, as to the only place capable of restoring contentment to the unhappy Edmund. For why should I continue to remain, when I am not permitted to behold you? Why stay, when my absence may quiet the suspicions of your pretended friends, and induce them to relax in their watchfulness over your actions? Having then nothing to fear, they will restore you again to comparative liberty. It is a step which I can scarcely bear to think of; nor should I have firmness to give it a thought, much less to adopt it, were it not for the hope of your being allowed, on my departure, to renew your evening rambles on the banks of the stream, and to join in the gay and innocent amusements, which the polished and refined circles of N—— afford.

"Suffer not, lovely Licea, my absence to abate your fondness, nor the malice of my enemies to blot me from your mind. Let me live, with esteem, in your remembrance; for never shall it be in the power of enmity to say that I am unworthy of a place in your recollection. No; this fond, devoted bosom, which has ever tenaciously adhered to honour; while it bears about the image of your excellence, shall so regulate my thoughts and influence my actions, as to afford me the consoling consciousness of meriting your regard. Under the unerring guidance, and guardianship of love, the seductive pleasures of the world will have no charm to allure me from the paths of virtue, or to betray me into inconstancy. Secure from temptation, I shall experience the sweet solacing satisfaction of feeling myself worthy of your affection; and, in knowing I possess your heart, shall realize a happiness, which the most lavish favours of fortune cannot bestow.

LETTER FIFTY-SEVENTH.

"The triumph of my enemies is now complete; the most cruel of fate's decrees is obeyed, and a hundred miles separate me from all that is dear and valuable: from an object my soul can never be severed from. Ten days have passed since our last meeting; ten days full of misery and inexpressible anguish. My heart sickens at the review of them. O Licea, life will be insupportable, if it is not brightened with the hope of future recompense for my sufferings; with eventual reward for the torturing inquietudes I, in this state of existence, endure.

"Farewell to happiness, Edmund can never more be happy! How often is this mentally said! how often in mournful sadness repeated! my heart sinks within me at the thought! But the frightful apprehension is grounded on the natural caprice of female tenderness, an elasticity of temper and feelings that can accommodate itself to circumstances, and rapidly reconcile the desponding mind to losses, which, at first, appeared too calamitous to be sustained. It is strengthened by a knowledge of the alarming influence, and tyrannical power of your guardian. With baseness to avail himself of the ascendency, which your gentle and ductile disposition have given him over you, he will suffer no opportunity to escape, no means to be unemployed, no efforts unexercised, to gain a passive acquiescence to his views. The mind of an inexperienced girl is not equal to the struggle of combating the arts and designs of age, when they approach under the mask of friendship; when they are clothed in the dissembled garb of kindness, and assume the appearance of a most disinterested solicitude for her happiness. Beware, Licea, lest such a guide should prevail, and you, the dupe of artifice, become also the victim of his wishes. The thought is distracting; the realization will be madness; let me endeavour to banish the idea, till by a fatal conviction of its truth, it is awakened never again to slumber.

"I should, in some degree, be resigned to my lot, and feel consoled under the aggravating dispensations of fate, could I know that my sufferings ameliorated your condition, and purchased the little privileges, which my remaining in N——, has, for some time past, deprived you of. Yes, on your account, I can submit to be miserable; to promote your happiness, what would I not cheerfully sacrifice! And when informed that you are permitted to indulge in the recreations and amusements, which we have been wont to participate "in days of happier times," the sorrows I endure, though they cannot be chased, will be less poignant. Alas! I sigh at a retrospect of those departed days. Bright were the pleasures which gilded them, but how fluctuating! how transitory! Like summer hours they have fled—succeeded by all the gloom of dreary and comfortless winter. Those, Licea, were the noonday moments of my happiness, when the blossoms of joy were warmed and fostered into meridian bloom by the genial sunshine of your smiles. The lark that woos the rose of that vernal month, in which I first beheld you, could not boast a heart more gay and unburdened than thy Edmund's. The carols of his morning devotion were not lighter than the notes of my song. Well I remember that eventful period; 'twas the glowing season of spring, when luxuriant May, rising in the radiance of her charms, gave beauty to the smiling aspect of nature, and mingled with the gales of morn her honied breath, rich with the fragrance of the teeming earth. Yet spring, and its blooms, have with undiminished splendour, returned; its charms are again renovated, beneath the grateful dews, and ripening suns of heaven; the rose resumes its wonted lustre, and scatters its perfumes to the balmy winds; the birds renew their strains of melody and love; but when, ah! when will peace be restored to me? When shall I again experience moments like those which enkindled this impassioned affection? When will their joys return, to gild the hours which now linger away, unblest by the animating influence of content.

"Your society, which once rendered me supremely blest, can alone enliven me into the enjoyment of life; can alone give a charm to an existence which, in moments of dejection, I think no longer desirable. Cheerless is the prospect before me, and dreary is the path which presents itself; no luminous ray animates my heart, and no whisperings of hope flatter me with the smallest expectation of change; futurity is a dark and hateful blank; I shrink from its contemplation! The glooms that hang about it are like the darkness of night, through which no kindly beam breaks forth, no lucid emanation, to gladden the heart of the sad and friendless traveller.

"What your guardian has told you respecting the change of youthful affections is, I grant, founded on the caprice of the human disposition, and has its application generally in nature. But from such an infirmity I have nothing to hope. This frail frame may become emaciated by sickness; the mind may undergo partial revolutions; the feelings may experience the incidental vicissitudes of time; still my heart, through every change, will retain the immutable impressions you have imprinted on it, never, never to be obliterated!

"It is, my beloved Licea, in the kindling season of youth, when the bosom is expanded with sensibility, and thrillingly alive to every sympathetic vibration; when minds, organized on similar principles of tenderness, enter into an innocent intimacy, into an ethereal interchange of sentiment, unbiassed by selfish considerations, and those cold speculative views, which govern, with degrading sway, the petrified and perverted feelings of maturer years; that sincere friendship and pure attachments are formed. When the soul meets its kindred soul, and the heart throbs responsive to its twin heart, for which it was intended, and which it had long anxiously sought. Until I became acquainted with you, I was a stranger to those assimilating ties; those ligaments of affinity, which inseparably unite me to the being of another. The bonds of filial and fraternal affection nature had fastened round my heart, interwove with every filament of my frame. But alas!

these ties have given place to those which bind me to you. A fond, endearing sister, was once the idol of my tenderness; but, now, her complaints serve only to remind me, that she is neglected and forgotten. My friendships were sincere and fervent, but a paramount esteem for you renders them no longer desirable. The happiness derived from the society of your sex, inspired me with an indiscriminate admiration of the captivating graces of female beauty. I delighted in the circles of the accomplished, although I paid homage to none. I was softened by the influence of their refinement, and acknowledged their ascendency over my actions generally; but, now, the most fair and fascinating cannot entice me from my retirement. I was, then, the free voluntary votary of them all; I, now, am the supplicating slave of one. Love had not, then, erected his empire in my breast; at present, it is the sanctuary of his devotion. I had seen none who, I thought could vie in goodness with my little sister; I now admit that the world contains one who rivals her in my estimation. I had never seen a being, to whom my imagination had given the attributes of superior excellence, for I had not seen the innocent and engaging Licea.

"The hour in which I first beheld you, is still as glowing in my memory as though the event had been of yesterday: it can never be forgotten. Yet, until I personally knew you; till I conversed with you, how ignorant was I of your worth! how little did I suppose the universe was blessed with such celestial sweetness! You had been described to me; but from such inadequate description, how could I hope for such perfection! how expect to meet one possessing all the graces of mind and attractions of person, which my fancy had often playfully pictured; the existence of which I had believed to be only in the poet's imagination; the fairy creations of his visionary reveries. When you were spoken of as an orphan, destitute and friendless, the romantic feelings of my bosom hung with tender interest on the story; and even before I became known to you, the perusal of your let-

ters excited such sensations as were justly considered the presages of an unalterable attachment; even the simple writing, looked upon as wholly mechanical, was fraught with such a character of delicacy as my enamoured eye could not but find a pleasure in contemplating; while the sentiments it expressed in the most bewitching style, inspired me with a rapturous admiration of the qualities and acquirements of your mind. Little did I expect, in one so young, such judgment, and thoughts that would have done honour to maturer years. There is a mingled happiness and grief in the recollection of the moments that made me acquainted with you, which my heart unceasingly indulges in, and which, while it has a perception remaining, it will never resign.

"If, Licea, you would lighten my sorrows; if you would render life worth retaining; afford me, I implore you, some tidings relative to your situation. Tell me that you are emancipated from the tyrannic control which you have heretofore endured; tell me that your inexorable guardian has relented from his severity, and that you are allowed to indulge in your evening wanderings on the winding Evon, unshackled by those humbling restrictions so destructive to the enjoyment which, from a thousand associating ideas, they cannot fail to impart. If any thing can console and sooth me to resignation, it will be the welcome information of these essential changes, so necessary to your comfort and to my repose. It will be, to learn that I continue to occupy your thoughts, and to feel that I merit so distinguished a privilege. Oh! give me such wished-for intelligence, and support me under the pressure of all my afflictions."

LETTER FIFTY-EIGHTH.

"I have been waiting the return of the post, in hopes it would bring me some account of her, in whose happiness every feeling is most warmly and deeply interested. The

mail has arrived, yet it bears with it not a word of intelligence. I have received letters from my friends, yet they mention nothing respecting your situation. The silence they have observed on a subject in which every thing dear to me is involved, fills my mind with the most tormenting alarms. Yet from them I had a right to expect nothing. But from you, Licea, I confess I anticipated the gratification of some information. I calculated on the pleasure of a letter from you. It would have been delightful, however laconic, however hastily written. How could you, unkind Licea, thus cruelly disappoint me? Am I then to believe that your guardian's letter conveys the genuine representation of your wishes? If so, and you desire to hear from me never again, I will be silent; I will write to you no more. No more shall the tender expression of my increasing fondness render necessary a repetition of his unfeeling request. But such cannot be your wish: no, I am sure, it never was conceived by a heart of such tenderness as yours. If such a request, in compliance with his desires, has been made, you must have been constrained to the hateful utterance of it, by the fear of offending him, whom gratitude instructs you to regard as the arbiter of your destiny. Oh! Licea, are you not accessary to your own ruin, in this silent submission to his purposes; in this tame acquiescence to views which can no longer be equivocal? Yet, if he has a right to control your will, to direct the feelings which should govern your actions, I must submit. If your happiness renders it necessary that you should forget me; that our correspondence should end, and the past be consigned to oblivion, then I will forbear to write; will for ever cease, from a continued revival of them in my own memory, to remind you of happier and more propitious days. Yes, in every thing practicable I will obey, for the most active principles of my conduct have your welfare and enjoyment for their object. But this you cannot require of me; Licea can never have wished or advised such an estrangement. No, although I am the slave of a thousand

fears and tormenting jealousies, ever ready to misinterpret the slightest ambiguity, either of your language or deportment, yet, neither your silence, nor your guardian's letter, have power, on this occasion, to persuade me that the request, which his matchless deceit has thought proper to sanction by calling it yours, could have been (if at all made by you) with an expectation that I would believe it sincere, or with a desire that I should be induced implicitly to obey it. Love teaches us an innocent dissimulation, which you have been compelled to practice, to quiet his suspicious temper, and to rid yourself of his unceasing importunities. Acquainted, as I am, with the generous goodness of your nature, I cannot but indulge the hope, that his execrable letter, which depresses me into misery, will be followed by one from you, that will enliven me into cheerfulness; for on your correspondence I depend for all that can buoy me above despondency. If you deny me this only remaining source of solace, you drive me to distraction. I have no relish for the amusements of the world; they cannot dissipate the obtrusive glooms that darken the prospective of futurity. I, therefore, endeavour to confine myself to a retrospect of the memorable moments I passed with you; moments more dearly prized and appreciated than the whole seventeen years of my previous life.

"O Licea, if you should ever determine to forget me, (and yet I hope that can never be) you must emancipate me from this bondage, and restore me to myself; for you govern me by a soul-touching inspiration. You dictate every thought, and influence every action. The world is before me, and many are the claims and expectations of my friends. But what is the world to me, whose eyes are ever directed to the place of your abode? whose views are bounded by the stream that encircles the delightful spot of your habitation? What are the claims of friends, when every thought and every feeling are engrossed by yourself alone? If the early disclosure of talents has flattered them with hopes of my fu-

ture prosperity and eminence, these hopes are but the presages of disappointment; for, without you, what is there to stimulate me to action? The incitements of ambition, and the emulation of talents, are lost in the domineering passion of love.

"It is a melancholy thought, yet one that often steals across my mind, and, I fear, a truly prophetic one, that we are separated to meet no more. With such apprehensions, and with your image continually before me, when I recur to those fascinating endearments, by which you enthroned yourself in my bosom; when I call to recollection that tenderness of deportment, and those little attentions, by which you distinguished me; those flattering favours, which brought on me the malevolent envy of your admirers; it is not surprising that I should fly from the clamour of wordlings around me, and, in the stillness of solitude, indulge the overflowings of my sufferings, with the vain endeavour to forget the present in the past.

"When alone, and undisturbed by the fear of officious intrusion, I cautiously steal, from the casket that contains them, the invaluable pledges I have received of your affection; even to the veriest trifle; and, indulging in the dreams which they create, kiss each, with fervent fondness, a thousand times over. In such moments, I become insensible to my griefs. How often, and with what indescribable feelings, have I, since we parted, perused, and pressed to my lips, the letter, in which you declare yourself for ever and unalterably mine! In this declaration I find a counterpoise to my sorrows, and, while I dwell on it, they are forgotten. Oh! never, I conjure you, Licea, forget this sweet asseveration; never forget that you are mine, by all the tender ties, and solemn plighted vows of love; never cease to regard me, but with the affectionate confidence of a lover. There is another and more endearing appellation, which it would be the summit of my ambition to possess and deserve. If it is to be denied by fate, and you coerced to bestow it on an object in which the heart

feels no interest, though I may complain of the cruel destiny which consigns you to another, and severs us, till we meet never more to be parted, my sentiments will remain unchanged; nor shall I ever cease to cherish for you the most pure and impassioned attachment, that ever afforded happiness, or occasioned misery to the bosom of a lover.

"It was in that letter you enclosed me your picture; words have not force to give any idea of the value of the gift, or expression for my estimation of it. I would not exchange it for all the most extolled paintings in Christendom. How sweetly do its lineaments portray the gentleness of your mind, and the generous goodness of your nature! Nothing but purity and innocence could give it that expression of serenity, that placid look of benignity, whose heavenly meaning, while it enchants the eye, awakens, into delightful vibration, all the sensibilities of the soul. My heart glows as warmly, and throbs as wildly on beholding it, as when first blest with the sight of the idolized original. Dear, supremely dear, to the heart, is the contemplation of the idol of its devotion.

"O Licea, your silence, and this painful ignorance of your situation, I cannot longer endure. But a hundred miles separate us, yet I am as unacquainted with every circumstance relating to you as when the Atlantic, and the wilds of Africa, divided us. If the mail, succeeding the one that conveys you this, brings no intelligence of you, no kind alleviating account from yourself, your guardian must not be surprised to hear of my return. The little seranade composed on my arrival from the Mediterranean, wafted by some kindly gale from the banks of the stream where first it was melodized to the greetings of love, shall inform him, on what wings of speed, despair, aggravated by cruelty, can hasten me to the place of your residence. Though scarce three weeks have elapsed since we parted, yet, from the anxiety I have experienced, it seems an eternity; and I sigh for a pretext to make a pilgrimage to the shrine which claims all my earthly devotion.

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* * * If your friends have extorted from you a promise never to write to me again, they have successfully sealed my wretchedness, by depriving me of the last and only resource left by the cruel ravages of misfortune. If such a resolution has been formed, on your part; I conjure you, if there is any regard for me remaining within your bosom, to let me hear the fatal truth from yourself, then, sunk beneath your unkindness, I will be silent; for life, then, cannot long remain to urge me in opposition to your wishes. Your own cruelty will give me release from the sovereignty you have over my heart. What is it to die, when, from the hopelessness of our condition, death is welcome?"

LETTER FIFTY-NINTH.

"How shall I, my innocent and injured Licea, thank you for your consoling letter? How requite you for this new confirmation of your affection, and exonerate myself from this additional obligation you have laid me under? my pen cannot do justice to the sentiments of gratitude I feel, or convey to you an idea of the animating emotions which agitate my bosom. Every action furnishes me with the most unequivocal evidence of the beneficent kindness of your disposition, and of the sincerity of your regard. On such an occasion, a heart like yours will find an acceptable reward in the approbation of its own feelings.

"I had just taken your miniature from its sacred repository, when the servant brought me your letter. The natural pensiveness of your countenance seemed heightened into dejection, by a thousand mental interrogatories, and by the melancholy suggestions of a moody imagination; by a thousand tormenting apprehensions about your situation, and conjectures awakened by a concern for your future destiny; but the sight of your letter, like the rennovating sun-beam

after the dark-lowering tempest, banished from my mind foes so destructive to its repose, and enlivened my heart with sensations to which it has long been a stranger. How sweet is a transition like this! how delightful the inebriation it produces! in the exhilarating influence of which, sorrow for a while is silenced.

"Alas! how easily depressed into despondence, and how quickly elevated into transport, is he, whose bosom cherishes the all-subduing tenderness of love! If, however, this last sweet testimony of remembrance, and of the unshaken ardour of your esteem, should hurry me into an enthusiastic expression of pleasure, you must not infer from it that I have forgotten my banishment, or become so reconciled, to the deprivations sustained from it, as to be, when abstracted from a belief of your constancy, in the smallest degree happy or contented. Yet, even while dwelling on my sorrows, which, like dismal night, obscure every goodly prospect, and blast the anticipation of brighter days, there are periods in which the thought of your goodness, acting as a delicious oblivion to past misfortunes, affords a transitory suspension of my sufferings, creates a momentary resignation, and even cheers with a faint evanescent ray of joy.

"If Licea, I have perused your letter once over, I have a hundred times; and, as if to look for a confirmation of the protestations it contains in your countenance, as often impulsively taken your picture from my bosom, in which it is suspended. It is now before me; and while I view it with a rapturous delight, and gaze on each lovely and attractive lineament, whose intellectual energy is softened by a most angelic complacency, by the kindling irradiations of soul, I retrace on the records of my heart those sentiments of refinement, of purity, and of virtue, which, like the persuasive precepts of heaven, I have heard from your lips; thoughts of fascinating delicacy, breathed with the all-subduing influence of heavenly eloquence.

"Established, as you are, in my heart, with such a sanctity of character, how is it possible for me to forbear reverencing the emanations of your mind? how avoid cherishing the most exalted admiration of your sentiments? Alas! until this veneration shall cease, till this admiration shall die away, in vain will you bid me become more resigned; in vain tell me to wear more lightly the chains which love has imposed; or to beguile away the painful period of banishment, till time and habit shall render me insensible to the sufferings of which I complain. Ah! Licea, such advice can have no connexion with your wishes. Do you believe the good tendency, which might result from it to a more disciplined temper, can be experienced by me? The plan of life you recommend, and so philosophically urge me to adopt, is, were I able to follow it, wholly uncongenial with my present propensities. I loath the listless pleasures of the world. My inclinations and pursuits, like my nature, are wholly revolutionized. I am no more what I was, when gayety captivated, and the blandishments of fashionable amusements won me to a constant participation of them. I have surrendered myself to a new-born impulse, under the guidance and direction of which, I am led to solitude and retirement. I no longer hold an intercourse with society, for I am no longer capable of affording entertainment, or of partaking that afforded by others.

"But tell me, Licea, do you think it possible for me to pursue what you appear so strenuously to advise? Do you believe the insipid garrulity of a tea-party; the uninteresting conversation of some self-sufficient prude, or designing coquette, can divert my mind from melancholy, or dispose it to resignation? No, Licea; when a heart like mine is engrossed by an object; when love establishes that object as a criterion, by which to form an estimate of the mental endowments, or personal charms of another, how difficult it is to find one who is not too greatly disparaged by comparison to be capable of exciting even the faintest perception of that pleasure it has been accustomed to feel in the society of her, who, present or ab-

sent, is the incitement of its most tender and affecting speculations; the satisfaction can be only in proportion to a fancied resemblance to the being it has so transcendently arrayed.

"You tell me, Licea, that from the vigilance with which you are watched, you are apprehensive our correspondence must cease. That you have already been forbidden, by your guardian, to write to me, I am aware; but that you are bound by duty to comply with the commands of one, whose conduct towards you evinces a total disregard of your happiness, I deny. While his treatment of you was marked with the affectionate interest of a parent, with the tenderness of a friend deeply concerned for your welfare, filial obedience and respect did honour to your heart. In every thing, but the disposal of your hand, I admit your obligation to obey; but, in this, there is a voice paramount—the voice of never-erring nature, whose irresistible pleadings should bear down the arguments and obstacles opposed by avarice, and, with sovereign sway, render sacred and inviolable her dictates, proudly spurning the restraints imposed by cruelty on the most ennobling feelings with which heaven has endowed the human heart, the loveliest sentiment of which it is susceptible, the primary source of every enjoyment, the first cause of every virtue.

"Yet, Licea, for your sake I will endeavour to reconcile myself to any deprivation. And if a respect to his commands requires that you should forego the only remaining source of pleasure you say you possess, let the sacrifice be made. The delicacy of your mind, and a feeling of pity for me, prevent your saying that it will be no longer in your power to reply to my letters. Yes, I am persuaded you feel it necessary, from a sense of duty, to relinquish our correspondence. Should this be the case, let me entreat you to believe that however great my sorrows may be, they will ever be considered of trivial importance, compared with your welfare and wishes, and that I am resolved, from considerations heretofore

passive, to suffer hereafter no motive to induce me to invite a deviation from the mistaken duty, which you so rigidly, so erroneously regard. * * * * *

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LETTER SIXTIETH.

"The silence you have imposed on me, by not replying to my last letter, is too painful to be longer endured. The desire I have felt to comply with the commands of your unnatural guardian is no more a counterpoise to the anxiety I feel to be informed of you. Duty has no longer the power to combat the solicitude which haunts my heart, or successfully to contend with an opposing influence, the ascendency of which in my heart overrules the dictates of prudence; however tenaciously I have endeavoured to obey them.

"If, Licea, the rigid adherence you have observed to the injunctions of your guardian, should (which God forbid!) be a correct criterion by which to estimate your affection for me, long ere this the most agonizing suspicions would have risen with regard to its strength, and even the continuance of its duration. Forgive me, if expressions full of doubt escape my pen; if, in the delirium of the moment, language of accusation and reproach should find its way into my letter; for my heart is distracted by a thousand new and overwhelming feelings, and its despair must be my excuse.

"Alas! how can I be assured that I do not, even now, hazard your displeasure, by arresting that small portion of your time necessary for the perusal of this, by calling you from the pursuit of pleasure and gayety to the recollection of the once happy companion of more innocent delights, in

whose remembrance you are ever present, and to whose bosom you will be ever dear.

"Three lingering months have passed away since we, together, participated the amusements which now engross you; which alas! I fearfully apprehend, have effected my entire banishment from your thoughts. Yet are there not, adorable Licea, intervals when the allurements of pleasure are no longer enticing; when the mind, inclined to contemplation, sickens at the retrospect of dissipation? and with the disgust that follows satiety, flies from the dazzling splendour with which it has been so long infatuated, to some calm sequestered spot, to some tranquillizing retreat, where the serenity of heaven, and the soft murmurs of the gale, sooth and invite to meditation? when the moon, timidly stealing from her couch, presents a thousand images dear to the memory of love; a thousand delightful recollections of the past? when her silver beam hath lighted to the grove, consecrated by circumstances too tender and interesting to be forgotten. In such moments, (for such you must frequently experience) does not he, to whom you are endeared by the perfections of your mind, by the virtues and excellence of your heart, and by innumerable acts of kindness, the recollection of which will be eternally cherished, engage some part of this propitiating abstraction? Do you never, in reviewing the occurrences of the day, meet with some little incident to remind you of him? When the evening breeze is heard, whispering along the surface of the stream which glides beneath the casement of your window, do you not think it may bear in its bosom a sigh of his sorrows? When night weeps her tears on the willows which encircle your abode, do you not mentally say, "like these may be the tears of my heart-broken Edmund?" and should a pang be awakened, or a sorrow from an unsubdued source obtrude, are they not rendered doubly poignant, by a knowledge that griefs, a thousand times more distracting are his?

"In such moments, when the compassionate feelings of your heart are awakened, how grateful must prove the reflection of having, by every generous effort, attempted to soften my regrets! To a mind, like yours, it must prove a sweet and soothing satisfaction, and afford an ample recompense for all you have suffered from the severity of your guardian, on my account. Cold and callous is the heart that is insensible to the plaudits of an unsophisticated conscience. The beneficent Creator has implanted in our nature impulses, which, if unrestrained by the selfish considerations of the world, constantly incline us to acts of benevolence; the exercise of which richly rewards the possessor with the grateful and dignified gratulations of self-approbation.

"Ah! why, beloved Licea, have you been so long silent? Is not my exile of itself sufficient to feast the savage tyranny of your guardian, without his dictating to you a neglect, which robs life of its every charm, and converts it into a pilgrimage of despair? Whom shall I hold responsible, in the day of general retribution, for this new refinement in cruelty? Yet why should I ask? the heart of a woman can never so far forget the tenderness which peculiarly distinguishes her sex, as to sanction such barbarity.

"Deceived by the promises of consent to our union, I have indulged in the beguiling dreams of delusive hope too long to recover from the fatal vortex into which they have betrayed me. It is these violated and forgotten promises which render disappointment insupportable, and urge me to complaints unworthy of a manly mind, contending with the misfortunes incidental to life. Alas! even now, the wild frenzy of the moment hurries me into an extravagant appearance of weakness, which the voice of dispassionate reflection must severely condemn, and which, even Licea, interested as she is for me, must conceive beneath the masculine fortitude she once thought me possessed of.

"If, Licea, you still cherish me in your memory; if the recollection of the days when Edmund was dear to your heart

is still indulged in; if absence has not wholly driven from your bosom the regard it once warmly and sincerely felt for me, I implore you, no longer by a death-like silence to sink me into wretchedness; into a despondency that renders life a hateful burden, and incapacitates me for every pursuit which can reward the sanguine expectations of friends, who view, with anxious solicitude, the impaired condition of my health, and the distracted state of my mind. But if the affection of nearly three years is extinguished; if that love which experienced no diminution, during the long and painful separation of two years, is, by the insiduous arts and the dissembling hypocrisy of your guardian, annihilated, and Edmund lives but to be forgotten, then, by persevering in your silence, keep me ignorant of the fatal truth, and permit me to listen to the fallacious, yet flattering, promises of hope; to cheat my heart by a thousand pretexts for your not writing, and to foster the belief that you still remain the constant and unalterable Licea."

LETTER SIXTY-FIRST.

"Ere I broke the seal of your letter, my lips had imprinted on it a thousand kisses. It came as the sweet reprieve of despair; the harbinger of peace, when even hope had forsaken her habitation. Although the superscription was in a disguised hand, I instantly recognised it as yours; for no disguise can conceal from my eye the delicacy which breathes through every character of your writing, and instinctively conveys an idea of that sensibility, which you so eminently possess.

"My heart, which has long been a prey to the most unspeakable distress, is awakened into new being, and alive to perceptions, which, beneath the chilling touch of despondency, had long forgotten to glow. The renewal of your tender protestations renovates my drooping existence, cheers me

again into the enjoyment of life, and dispels the misanthropic disgust which mantled in thickest glooms all the glowing beauties of nature, and rendered each returning day comfortless and unprofitable. The solicitude you so freely express on my account, and the studied concealment of your own inquietudes, while they soften my sorrows, exhibit an example of fortitude, worthy of my imitation. O Licea, a thousand commingled emotions have taken possession of my bosom, which melt me into tears of gratitude for your kindness, and harry me into the most illusory dreams of future happiness.

"Your letter has raised me from a state of depression into which I have long been sunk, and roused me from a dangerous insensibility to my situation, in which I have too long indulged, to follow your friendly counsel, and embrace the precepts it contains as the governing rules of my future conduct. Melancholy and dejection shall no longer keep possession of my mind. I will leave the seclusion in which I have been so long buried, and in haunts of gayety and pleasure, endeavour to regain my former cheerfulness. Though these efforts may prove unsuccessful, and inadequate to the attainment of content, yet they will allow me but little time, to meditate on the causes of my sorrow; though insufficient to obtain me happiness, they will, with kindly tendency, lessen my regrets. Yes; I will endeavour to recover the lost influence of reason, and virtue shall animate me to a sense of duty to myself and to friends who, I hope, still continue to hold me dear.

"Yet, ere I can answer for the fulfilment of these resolutions, you must agree to indulge me in the gratification of one wish. You must consent to an interview on the Evon; in the shade consecrated by its being there I had first the happiness of meeting you. My extreme impatience to see you, induces me to fix on the decline of to-morrow's sun, when I will be there anxiously waiting your coming. With the dear anticipation of this felicity, I will bid you, till then, farewell."

Of these letters I shall merely remark, that without ornament, they possess the merit of coming from the heart. The style is appropriate and simple, and the sentiments they contain equally innocent and natural; but, like all other amatory effusions they have too great a resemblance to each other, which perhaps is, in some measure, unavoidable: for the enthusiasm of such a passion as love would seem to forbid its votary, in making the warmest protestations to his mistress, to indulge in digressions which, while they afforded her a cold uninteresting variety, would carry an appearance inconsistent with the impatience, and glowing ardour, of soul born affection. From their tenor, however, it would evidently appear, that the guardian of Licea had, at one period, consented to her union with Edmund, when arrived at a suitable age. The cause of the revocal of his promise, these epistles, as also the poems, make us acquainted with. If his subsequent objections did, in reality, arise from prudential motives, from the youth of Edmund, or from his profession (a pretext of itself sufficiently momentous with a provident parent in a pecuniary view) we cannot but allow that he would have acted with justifiable precaution, had these objections been discovered at an earlier period, and had he never, by his approbation, fostered their growing attachment, nor flattered them with the delusive hope of being eventually united; but, in making these considerations insurmountable, and in carrying his opposition to so great an extent, after finding them joined by ties interwoven with existence, he evinced an unnatural inflexibil-

ity of temper, which forbids the idea of his heart's having even known the sweet visitations of a sympathizing compassion.

Thus actuated by incitements of paramount ascendency over the mercenary and selfish mind, it cannot, for a moment, be imagined, that the guardian of Licea would be induced to relax in the obstinacy of his opposition, or led to soften the severity of his restrictions on her conduct so far as to afford her an opportunitity of an interview with her lover without detection.

The following little poem, will lucidly explain the result of an assignation from which the infatuated heart of Edmund had flattered itself with the most sanguine expectations.

" As when a hind, whom pity ne'er did sway,
With ruffian hand, and ruthless mind elate,
Tears, with a savage cruelty, away
A struggling victim from its pleading mate;

So did the deadly foe my soul abhors
(Oh! where was then thy wrath, mysterious Heav'n!)
Tear from my bleeding bosom, without cause,
Her whom, when nature slumber'd, he had giv'n;

So did his arm, exulting in the deed,
Tear the sweet innocent from my fond breast,
And cause, with agonizing wound, to bleed
The heart, which tend'rest love before had blest!"

Separated, as he now was, from her who had become not only necessary to his happiness, but essential to the preservation of his peace; whom he was accustomed to

consider as a being created to engross the sensibilities of his nature, and from whom he had received the most endearing evidences of affection, we are not astonished to find him flying from scenes, the contemplation of which cannot be supposed calculated to assuage the bitterness of disappointment, or to reconcile him to a destiny of all others the most heart-rending; for what is there in all the dispensations of fate, so afflicting to inexperienced youth, as that of loving an object which responds with an equal ardour of fondness, yet is placed by imperious circumstances beyond the reach of possession? While surrounded by objects in which his memory recognised the witnesses of his departed felicity, the sad reverse of the happiest days of his life must have been too forcibly felt to be, for any length of time, endured. However insupportable banishment must have appeared, it was an alternative preferable to a situation rendered miserable in the extreme, by the review of images for ever awakening the most painful remembrance of the past. His farewell sonnet to the river Evon, on this occasion, cannot fail to excite a deep degree of interest in those who have a recollection of the feelings with which they have parted from a spot endeared by the influence of habit, and by a thousand dearly remembered events, which, in a grateful bosom, are like so many ties of its attachment.

The reciprocal fondness of Edmund and Licea had, from its romantic complexion, become a subject of general solicitude in the part of the country where they resided. The effusions of his sorrow-breathing muse had excited

the sensibility of every generous and sympathizing heart, and called into action the utmost endeavours of his acquaintances to direct his mind to those pursuits which were deemed calculated to divert it from an indulgence in its sorrows. The most winning arguments were used, by those concerned in his welfare, against his cherishing a passion which bid fair to blast every prospect of future pre-eminence, and to blight the blossom of expectation which friendship, with the flattering eye of anticipation, had already beheld matured into flower, equalling their infant promise. The most eloquent persuasions were employed to induce him to relinquish an object, which now appeared separated from him by an insurmountable barrier.

Though the kindly efforts of his friends could not suppress the secret wishes of his heart, or subdue the tyrannic influence of love in his bosom, they so far succeeded as to rouse him from a passiveness of conduct, which, under the corroding feelings of aggravated disappointment, had become marked by an extravagant display of weakness and effeminacy. A distant relative, who, at this period, was about to embark on a foreign tour, beguiled him into an engagement to accompany him in a voyage to Europe. The poem, entitled the Exile, and several of the succeeding fragments, will fully delineate the state of his mind, during this interval of absence. Denied the only source of gratification that can be offered a wandering lover, that of an interchange of sentiment and mutual expression of tenderness through the delightful medium of correspondence, we can readily conceive the inquietude and distraction

which gave birth to those melancholy effusions of his "unstudied and unpolished" song.

On returning to his native clime, unmindful of the past, and looking forward to the future, with a heart full of ardour and affection he flies to the habitation of his mistress. Alas! poor deluded child of passion! not to realize the blessings which hope had enchantingly promised; not to behold her whose image was borne through the painful pilgrimage of exile, but to confirm the forebodings of fear, which in the gloomy moments of banishment, would often silence the soothing whisperings of hope when flattering with the idea that she was not irrecoverably lost; to learn her approaching union with one, whose wealth had purchased that security of enjoyment which fate had withheld from the most deserving of claims; to know she was soon to be consigned to a lot, which irrevocably sealed the sacrifice of her happiness, and destroyed, for ever, the possibility of his obtaining the possession of endowments, designed to bestow a felicity nature had qualified him eminently to feel, but which destiny had denied him a permanent knowledge of.

In the stanzas written in a grave-yard, as also in the Ode to Hesper, presumed to contain an unaffected expression of his thoughts on the occasion, we perceive a cast of feeling, not observable in any of his previous productions. Indignation appears here to have been, for a while, the predominant emotion of his soul; for with the fate of Licea, jealousy had associated the idea of a more than passive acquiescence to the commands of her guardian.

Interdicted her society, and precluded from every opportunity of seeing her, he gave himself up to an extravagant carelessness for every concern of life, and continued wandering in the neighbourhood of Evon, feeding his attachment with the hope that some kind intervention of providence would bestow on him the happiness which he, at times, would fallaciously fancy himself destined, in the end, to possess.

In June 1807, Licea, with a heart glowing with the most fervent affection, became, from a mistaken conception of gratitude, the victim of a most detestable exercise of authority. In uniting herself to the man of her guardian's choice, she considered herself as acting only in obedience to the dictates of filial duty, and viewed the greatest sacrifice in the power of a sensitive female to make, as a just discharge of a debt held paramount to every other claim. As a requital of bounty, she had infinitely overpaid, by a sedulous attention to every wish and expectation of her benefactor; by the most assiduous endeavours to contribute to his happiness, in those endearing kindnesses, which, from gentleness like her's, were more than equivalent to all the pecuniary benefits her destitute condition had compelled her to receive; and from the obligation of which she believed the most exemplary submission would scarcely exonerate her.

On receiving this fatal intelligence, Edmund resigned himself to all the despair which such a circumstance may be supposed capable of producing. In vain did friendship exert itself to sooth and console him. Nothing

could banish dejection from his mind, or lighten a heart which sorrow had made heavy in his bosom. As it had once been his delight to be as near the residence of Licea as a regard for appearances would permit, so now it became his desire to be as remote from it as possible. His health had long left him. Sickness, and a highly irritated sensibility, preyed upon the vital principles of existence, and threatened the rapid approach of its untimely close. In this state of suffering, more in compliance with the counsels of his friends than from self-solicitude, or from a wish to preserve a life fraught with too much affliction to be any longer desirable, he embarked again for the south of Europe; but he survived this voyage scarcely time sufficient to prepare himself for an eternal one "from whence no traveller returns."

Thus, in the twentieth year of his age, died "Edmund the Wanderer," the warm and sincere friend; the affectionate son; the tender brother; and the most constant and unalterable of lovers. That his death was occasioned by his unfortunate attachment I need not affirm. They who read the sonnets, written during his illness, will willingly spare me the painful duty. His fate was such as every child of sensibility must lament; for though not without his faults, he blended with them virtues which eminently qualified him for all the tender offices of friendship, and feelings essential to an acquaintance with all the little delicacies of love.

With respect to the merits of the following poems, it would ill become the editor, who was the friend and in-

timate acquaintance of the author, to give an opinion. It was well observed by the learned translator of the amatory poems of Camoens, that "he who comments on amatory verses, undertakes but a limited office. His utmost effort is the citation of parallel passages, unless he substitute admiration for criticism." If on impartial perusal they should be thought to possess any, it would appear to consist in their simplicity, the most prominent feature of their character. They seem to be the spontaneous emanations of the heart, and are the offspring rather of an ardent unregulated sensibility, than a highly cultivated imagination. Had the author lived, and deemed them worthy of preservation, he would undoubtedly have made many alterations, which the dispassionate judgment of maturer years would have suggested. They will, however, it is hoped, meet with some indulgence from the candid critic, when it is known that they were written by a youth, at different periods, between the ages of sixteen and twenty. They possess, at least, the merit of purity of sentiment, and the minstrel might truly say that they did not contain

"One line which, dying, he could wish to blot."

It is hoped that these effusions, the mere buds of a flower of some promise, which was blasted ere it disclosed the beauties of meridian bloom; together with the fate which attended this unfortunate "son of song," may serve as a warning to young minds against the indulgence of a passion apparently hopeless, and inculcate the lesson con-

veyed by Campbell in the following lines, from his beautiful poem entitled " the pleasures of hope."

But can the noble mind for ever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood,
On heartless cares, that squander life away,
And cloud young genius bright'ning into day.

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LICEA

MINSTRELSEY,

&c. &c.

TO LICEA.

Oh! if 'tis true, as poets tell,
That pity dwells in forms most fair,
Within thy bosom she must dwell,
Her sweetest pleadings must be there.

For nature's range hath not a form
That doth a brighter index wear;
And if thy heart is but as warm,
As, lovely stranger, thou art fair,

Then will I say, this ample earth
Doth not another being hold,
Who blends with heart of so much worth,
A form of such celestial mould.

This little effusion seems to have reference to the poet's first seeing Licea. The supposition is strengthened by a similar idea, contained in his first letter. "If Pity has her habitation in the bosom of beauty, the abode assigned her by the poets, or if tenderness is peculiar to the loveliest of forms, I feel that I may indulge a confidence in the hope, that these heavenly attributes, of which you must be eminently possessed, will plead to offended delicacy in my behalf." EDITOR.

ON SEEING LICEA AT CHURCH.

When I beheld religion's shrine,
My heart by pious thoughts was thrill'd;
A glow of heav'nly fire was mine,
And God, alone, my bosom fill'd.

And when I join'd the sacred train,
And mingled with the vocal throng,
To swell with praise the anthem's strain—
Sincerely flow'd devotion's song.

"Yon sea, whose waves so proudly roll;
"Yon lofty trees that stately nod;
"Yea—all the world, from pole to pole,
"Proclaim thy sov'reign power, O God!

"All reverence and adore thy name;
"It dwells with love on ev'ry tongue,
"Thou art through ev'ry clime the same,
"Eternal God!"—'twas thus I sung.

But ah! when Licea met my eye,
My hallelujahs ceas'd to flow;
My songs were call'd from God on high,
To praise his angel here below.

And oft to her my eyes would steal
Enamour'd of her look, her air;
That look, that air, of saintly zeal,
Which Piety herself might wear.

Mem'ry, thou sweet solacing pow'r!
When thou shalt faded joys impart,
Recall the rapture of this hour,
Dear to the records of my heart,

When at religion's altar bent,
Abstracted from this world of care,
Wholly on things above intent,
Licea, unveil'd, appear'd in pray'r.

Oh! be the sin by God forgiv'n—
For while she pray'd, with warm emotion,
I gaz'd, intranc'd, and thought her heav'n,
And breath'd to her my soul's devotion.

SERENADE.

MAY no dark clouds deform the night,
And hide yon friendly planet's ray,
That sheds its soft pellucid light,
To guide me on my destin'd way,

In safety to the mountain's steep,*
Cloth'd in the vernal blooms of May,
Where I will pleasing vigils keep,
And all the live-long night will stay

* The habitation of Licea, for beauty of situation, can hardly be rivalled, even by one of the fairy pictures of imagination. The eminence on which it stands, gently sloping to the south, forms the delightful valley of Verne, and together with the luxuriantly variegated banks of the silver flowing Evon, commands a prospect of the surrounding country for many miles; interspersed with little villages, and the highly adorned seats of the affluent, who retire from the city of N——, during the summer months. The lofty oak, the elm, and the willow, by which it is encircled, uniting with the woodland beneath, stretch to the northward and westward as far as the eye can extend. These umbrageous and stately towering trees give to the enchanting and picturesque scenery a solemn grandeur, calculated to dispose the mind to melancholy, to promote the indulgence of thought, and to awaken that fervid enthusiasm, so extravagantly displayed in the actions of Edmund, and which, at times, hurried him to the most romantic extremes. It was here, in meditative rambles, he passed the greater part of his nights, previously to his personal acquaintance with Licea; breathing forth his passion with the persuasive softness of song; or swelling the murmur of the midnight gale with the melting melody of his flute or flageolet. EDITOR.

To guard the lovely maid's repose,
Who there with innocence resides;
And let my artless songs disclose
The love which in my heart abides.

And when the star of day shall glow,
To warn me that the hour is nigh,
When from her casement I must go,
Thus will I murmur with a sigh;

Sweet be thy slumbers, sweetest maid!
And may the pangs, which rend my breast,
Thy guileless bosom ne'er invade,
To chase thy dreams, or break thy rest.

SONG.

WHILE I gaz'd on her eye of luxuriant blue,
Delighted to see it in languishment roll,
So persuasively tender and mellow with dew,
So rich in voluptuous breathings of soul;

The sweetest sensations of pleasure found birth,
And I sigh'd for her lip of the sea coral die;
And I thought 'twould be heav'n to possess upon earth
The white-bosom'd maid of the blue-rolling eye.

While I gaz'd on the seraph-like turn of her form,
Each eloquent motion, enraptur'd, to trace,
I said—if the heart it enshrines is as warm,
As the maid is bewitching, and matchless in grace,

That in ranging the world, I had never yet known
A nymph on whose charms I had gaz'd with a sigh,
I could make, with such exquisite transport, my own,
As the white-bosom'd maid of the blue-rolling eye.

LICEA'S HARP LIKENED TO CUPID'S BOW.

Ah! yes, I was deceiv'd, I own,
Yet how was I the fraud to know?—
I think before 'twas never known,
That Cupid could transform his bow.

For 'twas a soft beguiling lyre,
Which fairy hands had newly strung;
His bow-string was the airy wire;
His arrow was a seraph's tongue.

Bath'd in a ruby fount of dew,
Distill'd from love's delicious sigh;
Pure as misfortune ever drew,
From pity's soft cerulean eye.

It long has been my soul's desire
To guard against the urchin's art,
But now his bow, disguis'd a lyre,
Transfix'd too sure my novice heart.

How could the beauteous queen of love
Counsel her child to such deceit!
I swear the fraud to all shall prove
The smiling god—a wanton cheat.

SONG.

'Tis now the fervid noon of day,
And 'neath the shade of curling vines,
To fly from sol's meridian ray,
Licea, in soft repose, reclines.

I'll steal me to a neighb'ring shade,
Where I can hide, unheard, unseen.
To gaze upon the lovely maid,
Reclining on the cooling green.

To feel, while almost breathless there,
What bliss it is to feast the eye;
To breathe the pure delicious air,
Rich with her bosom's balmy sigh.

And when she leaves the grassy bed,
I'll go and lay me there to rest;
Completely blest to know my head
Is on the pillow hers has prest.

CUPID'S CONQUEST.*

" To love I've bid a long farewell;
" No more I'll heed the tyrant's art;
" But stay—why thus a falsehood tell?
" I never yet have felt his dart."

Thus sang a youth, and wand'ring far
From all that could with love inspire,
Employ'd in peace, engag'd in war,
He felt alone the warrior's fire.

This vaunting boast reach'd Cupid's ear,
Who, smiling, saw the stoic rove,
To meet the only beauteous fair,
That could inthrall his heart with love.

The youth beheld her, gaz'd, and said—
" Who is this dear beguiling maid,
" Whose soft insinuating air
" Has known my bosom to ensnare?
" Must I too own (who never did)
" The tyrant's sway? no, heav'n forbid!

* From a note in the original, this would appear to be in imitation of a poem, written by the accomplished author of Laura, a work much and justly admired for its purity and elegance of style. EDITOR.

" I feel my heart can still disdain,
" Still proudly spurn, the captive's chain."

But who from Cupid's wiles secure?
Where beats the cold repulsive heart,
That can withstand his tempting lure—
That can repel his destin'd dart?

The stoic now has known to prove
The mingled happiness and pain,
That spring from half-requited love,
Where hopes and fears, alternate, reign.

Nor more he sighs for deeds of arms,
But far in solitude retir'd,
He sings of her who, peerless, charms
His harp and heart, alike inspir'd.

SONNET FIRST.

COME, blue-ey'd summer, with thy buxom train,
And robe the hill and dale in gay attire;
Thy genial breath shall wake the woodland choir,
Thy zephyrs steal their melody of strain,
And sportive Echo chant it o'er again.
Sigh through the grove, you balmy-breathing gale,
Rear your young heads, ye violets of the vale,
Shed your sweet fragrance, flow'rets of the plain,
And, with your loveliest blooms, at morn invite
Licea from home, forgetful of her care;
And I, blest partner of her rural stroll,
Will fondly call you, bath'd in tears of night,
T' adorn her bosom, as the white cloud fair,
In which doth live the kindred of my soul.

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AN ALLEGORY.

STAY, cruel hind! nor longer vainly hope,
With ruthless hand, to cull yon flow'ret fair;
For soon, with thee, too soon 'twill fade and droop;
To tear it thence, unthinking man! forbear!

Stung with remorse, thy conscience will condemn
Too late, the deed thy guilty hand would dare;
Then spare, in pity spare, the tender stem—
Still let the flow'ret bloom, unsullied, there.

If, thoughtless man! thou wouldst evince thy love,
The blossom spare; it does not bloom for thee.
Wilt thou, all just and ruling heav'n! approve
So dark a deed of wanton cruelty!

Sweet pride of May! in matchless grace array'd!
If cull'd, and to his icy bosom prest,
My heart will bleed to see thee thus betray'd;
Betray'd to blight on his unfeeling breast.

As fair a flow'r as ever met my eye,
As rich and lovely in its early bloom,
By such a hand, I witness'd, cull'd to die,
And such a bosom was its early tomb.

O rose of spring! leave not thy natal bow'r,
Till tender love shall bear thee thence away
To climes more genial to a tender flow'r
Than that cold breast, which lures, but to betray.

The allusion this allegory conveys will be seen in its full force by the reader; consequently, any remarks by the editor will be superfluous. He cannot, however, forbear to express his surprise that Edmund should, so rarely, have exercised his severity towards his rival. But few of his poems contain any evidence of aversion to a man, who formed the ostensible barrier to the possession of an object which the whole ardour of his nature appears to have been engaged in obtaining.

SONNET.

COLD and ungentle is the female heart,
That's steel'd against the pleading lover's sigh;
Unmov'd beholds the tear of anguish start,
Nor heeds the soft implorings of the eye.

Yet such there are, for Licea's heart is such,
Whose eye of lovely blue would seem to say
"Mine is a soul alive to pity's touch,
"That can in tears dissolve itself away."

I wish her look, as I at first believ'd,
Had been a faithful index of her mind,
Then I, and others, had not been deceiv'd,
When we supposed the beauteous Licea kind.

All think her so, because they deem it true,
That tender hearts have eyes of tender blue.

THE BIRTH-DAY OF LICEA.*

SUCH flow'rs as on the upland lawn,
The southern zephyrs woo,
Whose blooming leaves the blushing morn,
Has gem'd with pearly dew—

Such will I fondly cull and wreathe,
To bind my Licea's hair,
For such alone should blush, and breathe
Their sweetest fragrance there.

Pure as the morning's orient beam,
Fond hopes her fair cheek die;
Chaste as the sinless infant's dream,
Are thoughts that wake her sigh.

* The resemblance between the first stanza of this, and the introduction of Spenser's "Year of Sorrow," renders it probable it was designed as an imitation of that extremely beautiful and feeling effusion, beginning

Such flowers as on the mountain brink
The breath of day-spring rears;
Whose dainty blossoms only drink
The rainbow's diamond tears.

EDITOR.

Seek me a rose of fairest hue,
If roses be not gone;
Seek meadow, vale, and woodland through,
Her bosom to adorn.

But should you find no blushing rose,
Nor roses be in bloom;
Yet cull the fairest flow'r that blows,
That breathes a rich perfume.

With it I'll deck her bosom fair,
And prize its rosy ray;
Because love bade me place it there,
Upon her natal day.

A FRAGMENT.

LICEA's harp, divinely strung,
Tun'd to love with tender care,
Dulcet murmurs softly hung
On the bosom of the air.

Whilst her fingers snowy white
Swept the fascinating wires,
Thrill'd my heart with wild delight;
Glow'd my breast with fiercer fires.

Sure such rapt'rous joy as this
Cannot, cannot long remain!
Fleeting hours of perfect bliss
Oft forbode whole years of pain.

Hush! again the seraph sings;
Hush, ye gales that whisper by!
While she softly sweeps the strings,
Let me hear the murmurs die.

Now, beneath her magic finger,
Louder notes the chords respire;
Melting melodies, now, linger;
Faint and fainter, now, expire.

Thus does Love, the treach'rous boy,
  Wake the chords within my breast;
Tune them first to tranquil joy,
  Then to rapture's highest zest.

Stay—I felt them tremble then,
  Swelling with sublime sensation;
Pleasure, wrought almost to pain,
  Throbs with ev'ry wild vibration.

Love—O yes! 'tis love I'm sure:
  Nought but his impassion'd thrills
Kindles ecstasy so pure
  As my enamour'd bosom fills.

* * * * * *
 * * * * * *
* * * * * *
 * * * * * *

ADVICE.*

ALTHOUGH thou art as angel fair,
And dost the sweetest aspect wear
That beauty could be seen in;
Yet, lady, thou shouldst bear in mind
That heav'nly form was not design'd
To harbour pride or spleen in.

The rose that's seen, at early morn,
With blushing leaf, but hidden thorn,
The lover would give nought for;
While many a bell, and violet blue,
And pink of far less splendid hue,
With eagerness are sought for.

Then, lady, if thou wouldst sustain
A character in beauty's train,
With many an humble suitor;
Put first away thy foolish pride;
For fools and prudes are close allied;
And be more kind in future.

* The lady alluded to in this fanciful reproof is not identified by name: nor have I any other ground for the supposition of its being Licea, than that of finding it in the manuscript annexed to a small poem avowedly addressed to her. This circumstance has induced me to insert it. EDITOR.

IMPROMPTU.

ON HEARING LICEA SAY THAT SHE HAD CUPID CHAINED IN AN ARTIFICIAL ROSE.

I HEARD you say you'd Cupid bound,
Poor thing! within a rose of art;
How can it be? the rogue is found
Securely nestled in my heart!

Pray look again, with double care,
Among those leaves of rosy hue—
But true, he may be cradled there,
And cherish'd in my bosom too.

TO LICEA.

HAST thou not, lovely Licea, seen
How dim appears each planet's ray,
When o'er the azure vault serene,
Nights silver queen steals on her way?

Thou art that queen, my gentle dear!
Those stars are girls that sigh for praise;
When dazzling charms, like thine, appear,
They're lost in brighter beauty's blaze.

Hast thou not mark'd the starry skies
To change their gay cerulean hue,
When black and envious clouds arise,
To veil her beauteous face from view.

I often think, with tears, 'tis so
That clouds of grief will darken o'er,
And shade my youthful bosom's glow,
When thou, my life! art seen no more.

TO LICEA.

Turn to the troubled streamlet's side,
Turn, thoughtful girl! and there survey
How, with its course, is seen to glide
The reed, that's borne from shore away.

Thus, like the little emblem there,
Now seen the faithless wave to ride,
That's hurried on, unknowing where,
Is he who trusts to passion's tide.

TO LICEA.

WHILE idly ranging Verne's delicious vale,
Richly adorn'd with flow'rs of varied die,
Whose leaves were kiss'd by ev'ry wanton gale,
And woo'd by zephyr's light inconstant sigh;

A bud that bloom'd sequester'd in the shade
Entranc'd my eye; a bud of fairer flow'r
Bright Phœbus never in his course survey'd,
While o'er the world he looks, at noon-day hour.

Thus have I saunter'd through youth's frolic round;
The world's that vale; those flow'rs of changeful hue
Are emblems of the giddy girls I've found;
Those gales and sighs are fickle swains that woo.

And thou, in excellence without thy peer
In worth, wouldst seem the lovely blossom fair;
So have I seen thee shine in beauty's sphere,
Excelling all, without a rival there.

Straying with Licea on a summer's morning, along the banks of the streamlet, listening to her engaging and innocent tongue, on the subject of long life and the want of enjoyment in old age, gave rise to the following unfinished effusion.

FLOW'RETS fresh, of purple hue,
Deck the lawn and spreading vale;
Fragrant pinks, and violets blue,
Mountain daisies, tipt with dew,
Perfumes shed on ev'ry gale.

Brilliant is the morning's cast,
Brightly germ'd is ev'ry spray;
But summer will be shortly past,
Stern winter soon, with blighting blast,
Will chase these vernal blooms away.

The pink will lose its sweet perfume:
The rose will fade away and die;
The genial skies be wrapp'd in gloom,
And nature seem a gen'ral tomb
For charms which now enchant the eye.

The dews will be congeal'd to snows;
The grateful rains be ic'd to hail;
The zephyr which so blandly blows,
Enamour'd of the blushing rose,
Will be the storm's inclement gale.

Yet spring will soon return again,
And ev'ry faded charm renew;
The birds will warble forth their strain;
The zephyrs woo, and Flora's train
O'er ev'ry lawn will blush anew.

The dews will bless each fragrant flow'r,
And blossom all the fruitful trees;
The storm will be a gentle show'r;
The north will lose its piercing pow'r
And be a soft refreshing breeze.

The fleecy flock will crown the hill,
The lowing herd will graze the plain;
While echoes all the vallies fill,
With murmurs from the hamlet rill,
And songs of many a happy swain.

Oh! could our youthful scenes, like those,
With ev'ry opening spring resume;
And chilling age, that o'er us throws
The shade of years, and time's cold snows,
Permit our joys anew to bloom!

Then give me years, full many a score,
Though youthful freshness they destroy;
This will I give for wisdom's lore
My days, renewing, should restore
The heart each renovating joy.

But pleasures are of fleeting date,
Brief as the smiles of morn are they;
Man who'd enjoy them must not wait;
For soon, ah! soon, 'twill be too late,
For soon, ah! soon, they fade away,

What longer, then, would be in store
To charm existence in its wane?
When nothing can be hop'd for more,
Desponding age, all silver'd o'er,
To death may well resign his reign.

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TO LICEA.

Oh! tell me, fair friend! was thy heart ever blest
With the soft thrill of love, or its rapturous glow?
Are its doubts, and its fears, yet unknown to thy breast?
Thy tongue answers yes—but thy blushes say no.

How sweetly those innocent blushes betray
The heart you declare is still free from impression!
And your eyes, I perceive, more expressive than they,
Laugh, wickedly laugh, at so false a confession.

If a look more celestial and saintly you wear,
Should you swear by that look, I will not believe;
For I long since have found, when you fervently swear,
And look like a saint, you are sure to deceive.

SONG.

O SAY, sweet fair! why longer tarry?
Why lightly trifle life away?
Believe 'tis time, full time, to marry,
For life is but a fleeting day;
And beauty but a fading flow'r,
Its brightest charms at morn display'd,
Its blushing hues, at noon-day hour
Soon fade, as youthful pleasures fade;
Soon fade, as youthful pleasures fade.

'Tis true thy cheek may longer glow;
With lustre still those eyes may shine;
Thy silken hair as yet may flow;
The flow of feeling still be thine;
Yet, while through pleasure's path you rove,
And airy dreams around you play,
Oh! give thy tender heart to love,
Ere age shall steal its joys away;
Ere age shall steal its joys away.

IMPROMPTU.

SHALL I that plaintive song request
  You sung for me the other day?
Or must the harp, so long carest,
  For "pity's sake" in silence lay.

'Tis useless now to have a care,
  I strove to keep my heart in vain;
'Tis long since lost, and know, sweet fair!
  When yours, it can't be long again.

TO LICEA.*

TAKE, vestal, from religion's shrine
The gift from purest motives giv'n,
For, when I see this gift of thine,
I think of thee, and not of heav'n.

Yes, when religion's heav'nly sway
Should kindle warm devotions zeal,
Thy gift, to thee, allures away
Those thoughts which should heav'n upward steal.

Yet let it sacred there remain,
For piety, with holy care,
Has spread it o'er religion's fane
And hail'd it hallow'd with a pray'r.

* This little poem I transcribed from the door of the church, where it was originally written. It was occasioned by Licea's making the pulpit a donation of rich velvet, with other decorations. EDITOR.

SONNET.

TO LICEA ON HER WEARING A VEIL.

THE sun conceives this world, for ever blest
With his bright beams, will not their value prize;
And, therefore, often doth himself invest
In clouds, that hide his splendour from our eyes.

So nature will assume the veil of night,
That fancy's eye imagin'd charms may scan;
And modest Cynthia oft withholds her light,
Thus to preserve her power with fickle man.

And thou, from gazing on sweet nature's face,
Hast tak'n a hint to hide thine own, more fair;
But sure thy reasons, bashful nymph, are frail,
For nature may, perhaps, have cause to veil,
But thou, in truth, canst boast such real grace
As may with fancy challenge all compare.

TO CUPID.

INDEED the greatest rogue thou art
That e'er caus'd honesty to weep,
For, not contented with my heart,
Thou fain wouldst pilfer me of sleep.

Cupid, I pray, do not increase
Thy list of spoils achiev'd by stealth;
In pity leave the goddess Peace,
Nor captive lead her sister, Health.

Thy roguery exceeds belief:
There's not on earth a greater slave;
There's not on earth a greater thief;
There's not on earth a greater knave.

SONG.

Alas! what grief it is to part
From one with whom my soul is twin'd!
Who is the life of my warm heart;
Who is the light of my fond mind.

I leave thee, dear! full long to mourn
The peace I ne'er, away can find;
Farewell!—'till I again return,
I leave my better self behind.

I bear a sorrow where I go,
From which I never shall be free;
What can I hope for else but woe,
When torn, endearing girl, from thee!

Ah! what will cheer the gloomy day
That sees thee distant far from me!
Ah! what will chase the sad array
Of thoughts which then will cling to thee.

Thy image only in my mind,
Engraven there till death to be;
Be mine within thy breast enshrin'd,
And think, at morn and eve, of me.

Farewell to thee!—but not to love:
No, that will live while life shall last;
Farewell! I go full long to prove
The sad reverse of moments past.

SONG.

Oh! where is she of silver voice,
The beauteous nymph of Verne?
Where is the maid who will rejoice
To welcome my return?

I see her on the mountain's slope;
Her well-known voice I hear;
My heart beats wild with fear and hope;
Yet why should it with fear?

She comes—the bright star of the morn;
The sun-beam after gloom:
The vernal spring when winter's gone;
The summer in its bloom.

Now, timid heart! you may be bold,
For soon you will be blest:
For soon with transport I'll enfold
And clasp her to my breast.

TO LICEA

ON OUR MEETING AFTER A SHORT SEPARATION.

Ah! why should the girl of my soul when we meet,
Wear an aspect like this, from pleasure estrang'd?
Unkind is her tongue, at a meeting to greet
Thus coldly the lover whose heart is unchang'd!

Ah! tell me, why thus you reproachfully look?
Why chang'd for a frown is the smile I have seen?
Has kindness its soft habitation forsook
That you wear, my dear girl, so repulsive a mien.

Or is it more true, that you wish to reprove
The feelings this bosom of mine may enshrine?
Do you think it a crime that I tenderly love?
O blame me not, Licea, the fault is not mine.

To this bosom a sensitive heart has been giv'n;
Too devoted for peace, too tender and true;
Then chide me not, dearest! the fault was in heav'n,
In framing this heart so expressly for you.

Think not that your frowns can affection remove;
Ah! no—they may chase all my pleasures away,—
But the heart which can cherish so ardent a love,
Can never, no never, survive its decay.

Oh! banish, my Licea, your doubts, and your fears,
And believe your fond Edmund was never untrue;
Say have you not wrong'd the fond youth that reveres—
Whose warm doting soul is devoted to you.

TO LICEA.

Why is my rival seen so gay,
When thou, my soul's desire, art nigh?
Is it because he steals away
The heart, on which my hopes rely?

Tell me, my life's unfeign'd delight,
When I, alas! know no repose,
Why is he as the zephyr light
That wantons round the blushing rose?

Is it, because he feels secure
His vows are first at beauty's shrine?
If so, I cannot long endure,
I die, when thou no more art mine.

Or is it, sweetest! that his breast
Feels not the love so falsely vow'd:
That doubts did never yet molest,
That fears did never yet becloud.

Is it, because his frolic heart
Ne'er felt affection's genuine glow;
Is still a stranger to the smart
Which one who doats is doom'd to know.

Beloved nymph of beauty! say
  This is the cause assign'd by thee;
Oh! tell me this, and I'll be gay
  As one who truly loves can be!

STANZAS.

At pensive evening, as I sought,
Along the stream, my absent fair,
I saw a little victim caught,
And tangled in the hunter's snare.

Quick from the toil I set him free,
Not thinking that the act was seen;
Yet watchful heav'n, I knew, would see,
And conscience would reward within.

But chance conducted Licea by,
Just as its tender limbs I freed;
She view'd me with approving eye,
And said she lov'd me for the deed.

In all the warmth of rapture's tide,
I felt how kind in heav'n to lead
My Licea, to the streamlet's side,
To witness and reward the deed.

A SONG.

SHED not, sweet girl, those tears of woe!
Why breathe such bitter sighs for me?
I merit not the tears that flow;
Those sighs increase my misery.
The pangs I felt were keen—but oh!
I more severely feel thy woe!

My aching heart now mourns to see
Thy face by sorrow's shade o'ercast;
These tears I weep are wept for thee;
Then, sweetest love, forget the past:
Forget the past, and cheerful be;
Thy griefs I cannot bear to see.

TO LICEA.

THE HEART COMPARED TO A SHIP.

SAY, why am I thus such a slave to thy will,
That a smile bids my bosom with ecstasy glow?
And a frown my warm heart should more suddenly chill
Than the north wind that sighs over Labrador's snow?

I'll appeal to yourself, if by magical art—
I'll give it this name, my sweet nymph, if you please—
It was fair thus to change a free and light heart
To a bark that is toss'd on tempestuous seas.

Thy witchery made it a ship under sail;
My feelings, the waves—and my love, the rude ocean—
Thy smile, a mild breeze—and thy frown, a rough gale,
Which set both the waves and the bark into motion.

Let the poor little thing, tempest beaten and torn,
Make a port ere its cast on the breakers of care;
Or take it in tow, as a prize of thine own,
Nor let it be wreck'd on the rocks of despair.

TO LICEA.

I WISH I were the harp that sighs
  Its song, upon thy snowy arm,
Such sounds from every chord should rise,
  And breathe of love, so wildly warm,

That thou, bewitching girl, shouldst know
  That music hath a pow'r divine,
To make thy gentle bosom burn,
  Thy tender heart to throb, like mine.

Such breathings oft my fancy hears
  Steal softly on the noon of night,
Melting from heav'n's harmonious spheres;
  The soul entrancing with delight.

Behold! what rapture thrills each wire
  O'er which thy fairy fingers stray!
'Tis thus the thrillings of desire
  O'er all my trembling heart-strings play.

Oh! what a heav'nly harp is this
  Which thy entwining arm sustains!
And what a world of mingled bliss
  This little heart of mine contains!

Beloved Licea, now I feel
  This bosom can support no more;
Though still it sighs new bliss to steal,
  And pants to rifle rapture's store.

Light let the dulcet chords be prest,
  Faint be the wild enchanting strain;
My ravish'd heart is too much blest,
  It cannot all it feels sustain.

Then, light, bewild'ring girl I pray,
  Let ev'ry madd'ning cadence die;
Oh! cease—my soul will melt away—
  I feel too much—my senses fly.

STANZAS.

Bright Hesper is smiling, now high in the west,
And the last trembling day-beam illumines the sky;
But the hour hastens on, when my heart will be blest
With a smile more enchantingly dear to my eye.

How delightfully dear to the sensitive mind
Is the tranquilliz'd eve, when the dew spirit's tear
On the rose-thorn is hung, and the sigh of the wind
And the note of the night-bird are all that we hear!

How pensively soft is the whippoorwill's song,
That steals on the sigh of the southerly air!
Move slowly, ye airs, which convey it along,
For sweet to my ear are the murmurs you bear.

The whippoorwill mourns on the willow-tree spray,
Nor ceases his plaints till the day-beams appear;
He mourns for his mate that has wander'd away—
For the mate of his nest that is tenderly dear.

So when I am absent from all I adore,
My songs are the sad plaintive breathings of pain;
And I fancy my bosom, by grief shaded o'er,
Will ne'er know the sunshine of pleasure again.

And I feel that I'd rather a thousand times die,
  Than be torn from an object so dear to my heart;
To breathe her " farewell," with life's parting sigh,
  Than from her be sever'd for ever apart.

How oft when this idol of love hath been nigh,
  And my heart hath been light, have I sigh'd to delay
The moments that glided too rapidly by,
  But which, now, alas! linger too slowly away!

For the moments that heavily pass on the wing,
  And, at present, like so many ages appear;
To one that is wretched too hastily bring
  A thousand new causes of sorrow severe.

Then fly to me, love, and the pangs which molest,
  With the soul-beaming smile of affection subdue;
Thy presence shall lull each wild tumult to rest,
  And excite ev'ry feeling of rapture anew.

SONG.

FAIR is the rainbow's golden light,
  Which through a show'ry noon appears;
Dear is the lover's star of night
  Which glows resplendent through its tears;

Fair is that light, but fairer far
  Are beauty's lucid eyes of blue;
Dear through those tears the radiant star,
  But dearer they in pity's dew.

Sweet is the warm ambrosial breeze
  Of some luxurious morn in spring,
Which breathes through groves of budding trees,
  Bearing their fragrance on its wing.

But sweeter than the honied gale
  Just rising from the new-blown rose,
The sigh her ruby lips exhale,
  Distilling nectar as it flows.

Rich is the flow'r which young bees sip,
  But more delicious far than this,
To longing love, will be her lip,
  Ne'er sullied by another's kiss.

SONG.

SAY not, dear girl, that I am false;
For this your heart cannot believe;
Oh! say it not, my sweetest maid,
To one who never can deceive.

Say not, I wreath for ev'ry fair
The wreath of love for you I wreath;
The vows upon that wreath I swear
Say not, to every fair I breathe.

How can you one so fond upbraid?
How can you wound a heart so true?
How can you say, to all is paid
The homage paid alone to you?

Ah! no, when I untrue shall prove,
Then I no more myself can be;
Ah! no, when I am false in love,
Then nature must be false to me.

TO LICEA.

YES—yes, I own, when absent, dear,
I've kiss'd this pledge with fervent zeal,
And thought were but thy lip as near—
Were thy sweet lip the ring—I'd feel

Such bliss as he alone can know,
Who is by lovely woman blest;
Who, from her lips of coral glow,
Which none but he hath ever prest,

Doth rapture steal on love's account,
And those delicious nectars sip
Which bathe the brim of pleasure's fount;
For pleasure's fount is woman's lip!

And wouldst thou, for a thought like this,
Which thou thyself didst cause to spring,
Take back the pledge of promis'd bliss?
And wouldst thou, dearest! have the ring;

The token I so long have worn
And worship'd many a night and day;
On which my oaths of love are sworn,
And vows I never will betray.

No, never—while this heart of mine
Shall feel its vital current flow;
No, never—while those charms are thine,
Which early taught this heart to glow,

Will I the precious gift resign;
For 'twas the first sweet pledge of love;
More dear than any holy shrine
Rever'd by pious saints above.

Then do not, for a cause so slight,
Reclaim the gift I prize so much;
The source of all my soul's delight;
For 'tis, my lovely Licea! such.

On which my brightest hopes depend;
And when its gone, and they shall cease,
Then all that's dear in life will end,
And I will pray for death's release.

When far away, angelic girl!
From thee, all I adore on earth,
This valued little ring of pearl,
Shall give the sweet remembrance birth

Of joys that brighten'd other days,
When thou wast all that's dear to me;
When all my wild and artless lays
Were breath'd alone in love of thee.

O God! what welcome sounds are they
  Which tell thy gen'rous heart decree!
And which, in melting accents, say
  " Keep, Edmund, keep the ring for me!

" My heart no longer hath the will;
  " The foolish wish I felt is o'er;
" Then wear it, Edmund, wear it still,
  " There's none that can deserve it more."

TO LICEA.

Oh! if thou wouldst thy lover bless;
Give, once again, so fair and white,
Thy lily hand, his lips to press;
To press, and steal from thence delight.

I ne'er have known a moment's bliss
In love before, without alloy;
A moment's transport such as this,
So full of pure unmingled joy.

For I was doom'd—ah! luckless me!
From simple boyhood's darken'd morn,
To tears of sharpest misery;
To love, and feel proud woman's scorn.

For he, whose eyes are free from tears,
Feels not the pangs of love, I ween;
For lovers' hearts are full of fears,
Doubts, ecstasies, and anguish keen.

And I have felt them, long and oft,
Awaken'd, dear! by love and thee;
But ne'er, till now, such rapture soft,
Such thrills of melting ecstasy.

Then, if thou wouldst thy lover bless,
Give, once again, so fair and white,
Thy lily hand, his lips to press;
To press, and steal from thence delight.

PERSUASION'S LIP.

From lilies of the loveliest hue,
When whit'ning o'er a humid bed,
Fond nature took the summer's dew,
And from vermillion pinks their red:

I'll mingle these, she murmur'd o'er,
With leaves of roses; then I'll dip
In honey sweet of Hybla's store,
And form persuasion's warb'ling lip.

When done, it was assign'd to her
To whom my heart and soul are giv'n;
And if the innocent should err,
And with it plead for grace in heav'n,

Recording saints, if such there are,
Who note our errors here, above,
And angels who inhabit there,
Enchanted with her lip of love,

While gazing with enamour'd eye,
And list'ning with delighted ear,
Will breathe forgiveness with a sigh,
And blot her errors with a tear.

TO LICEA.

Believe me, I'm blest with but little delight
In viewing a form of symmetrical mould,
Should even the magic of beauty unite
The graces, to render it fair to behold,

If the heart it enshrine's be unfeeling and chill,
Unacquainted with sympathy's exquisite touch,
A stranger to passion's electrical thrill—
But thine, my dear Licea, can never be such.

For if I've e'er gaz'd on a beautiful form,
Which the purest of soul's would appear to enshrine;
Or commun'd with a heart that is tenderly warm—
That form, and that heart, my dear Licea, are thine.

SONNET.*

SHE whose fair beauty is my soul's delight,
The nymph of charms, maid of the spotless mind,
Came in a most delicious dream last night,
And o'er my couch in languishment reclin'd.

" O take me to your arms," she faintly said,
Her eye cerulean beaming with desire ;
" O take me to your arms, a love-sick maid!"
Her voice was like the warb'lings of the lyre.

While these bewitching words her lips did speak,
And on my brow her fev'rish hand was prest,
The glow of kind'ling passion flush'd my cheek,
Wild throbb'd my heart within my am'rous breast.

Her dewy lip stole mine, in dalliance, o'er;
My senses fled me, reason was no more.

* This and the following Sonnet are connected.

SONNET.

Tell me chaste Dian! was she wrong or no?
And thou, sweet Virtue! did I do amiss?
How could a heart like mine such bliss forego?
How could she err in doing only this?

Thou know'st her mind is pure as Alpine snow;
No thought is there to wake the blush of shame;
Thou know'st my heart ne'er felt a sensual glow;
No wish is there which purity can blame.

In the soft languor of her melting press,
She murmur'd, with the burning sighs which stole,
"Hang, dearest! on my neck in fond caress,
"As thy sweet image hangs upon my soul."

Then round my neck she twin'd her milky arms
I prest her to my breast, the nymph of charms.

THE WISH.*

Behold, my love, on yonder tree,
The bird that breathes his am'rous lay,
Would I that plaintive bird could be,
And thou, the rosy-blossom'd spray.

That I might rest, and sweetly sing
Of love to thee, the whole day long;
Not all the glowing charms of spring
Should lure from thee my suppliant song.

Say, dost thou not, bewitching girl!
Upon thy lip the zephyr feel,
Which plays with ev'ry silken curl,
That o'er thy brow's expanse doth steal.

I wish this longing soul of mine
Could melt and mingle with that sigh;
Then, o'er that honied lip of thine
I'd softly steal, and ling'ring die.

* From the cast of this little poem, also that of several others of kindred features, 'tis presumed that it never was intended by Edmund to be included with those evidently written for the perusal of his mistress. Although the glowing inspiration of feeling made him more happily successful in this species of poetry than in any other, he but very rarely licensed his pen, or indulged his fancy, in the warmth so passionately diffused through these stanzas. Editor.

Turn now thine eyes to view you rose,
Behold the bee that slumbers there;
How can he, indolent, repose
In languor on a breast so fair!

How can he lose his time so fleet,
And waste the hours he should improve,
While clasp'd within that bosom sweet!
Oh! he should give himself to love.

Wert thou that flow'ret which you see,
And I a bee, allow'd to sip;
I'd be a more industrious bee,
And steal more honey from thy lip.

I'd fix me there, the livelong day,
And sip thy precious breath, more sweet,
More grateful than the dews of May
To lilies, scorch'd with noon-tide heat;

To lips that glow with frenzying fire
When with the sighs of love they burn;
When heart and soul, with soft desire,
Do wildly throb for love's return.

Yet this would be too much for me;
Too much of rapt'rous bliss I fear:
O yes—such heav'nly ecstasy
My nature hath not strength to bear.

On Licea's lip of purity
To melt and die away in bliss:
Oh! I would die—this hour to be
Dissolv'd in death so sweet as this.

Upon those eyes of liquid blue
I'd fainting fix my languid eye;
Their warmth would life again renew,
And I, by turns, would live and die.

All possess'd, and all possessing,
My soul would have all love could give;
If wish remain'd, while thus caressing,
That only wish would be to live,

That I for ever there might rest,
To banquet on thy glowing charms;
While blessing, be supremely blest,
And find my heav'n within thy arms.

A FRAGMENT.

SWEET bard of heav'n! could thou descend
Again to earth, and kindly lend
Thy lyre, whose soft seducing flow
Once breath'd celestial sounds below;
Its strains would not have pow'r to tell
The joys which now my bosom swell.
Couldst thou thy brightest spell bestow,
And bid my verse in beauty glow,
As feeling, and as pure as thine,
Chastely diffus'd with warmth divine;
It could not tell how much I prize
The nymph to whom I breathe my sighs!
Or wert thou, Titian, living still,
Not all thy pencil's matchless skill,
That skill that did divinely paint
The semblance of Lorenzo's saint;
And richly breathe, through ev'ry line,
Such pious look, and air divine,
As gave the picture, and thy name,
Immortal praise, immortal fame—
It could not, with its greatest art,
Picture the idol of my heart.

Art may attempt, and skill may try,
With nature's loveliest works to vie;
Yet art will fail—and skill, in vain,
May strive perfection's height to gain:

Unite them both—yes, both combine
In one celestial chaste design;
That chaste design could not embrace
The lovely sweetness of her face;
Expression, when sad cares invade,
Ting'd with dejection's pensive shade;
But lighted up with pleasure's ray,
When all within again is gay;
Sweet expression—all revealing,
Ev'ry impulse, ev'ry feeling;
And her eyes, of liquid blue,
Are just as changeful—just as true;
Every dark obtrusive care,
Is read with ev'ry rapture there.

Conversing, as we often do,
On days which urge themselves to view,
I've seen those soft inspiring eyes,
Within whose sphere persuasion lies,
Dissolve, in tributary showers,
O'er records of departed hours;
Then, with a present pleasure, glow,
And seem a thousand rays to throw,
Whose kindly influence would be
A source of melting bliss to me.
Oft have I felt enchantment's thrill
My trembling heart, and bosom fill;
And passion all my soul entrance,
When I have caught her careless glance;

And then, again, by doubts depress'd,
With fear 'twould throb, and sink to rest;
Just like the troubled streamlet's tide,
Whose murmurings, by degrees, subside;
Or like, at times, the angry deep,
Whose billows rise, and sink to sleep.

The blush of roses, when in bloom,
Will, now and then, her cheek illume;
There glow awhile; then fade away,
Like the first tinge of early day.
Then to her form—but let me hold,
Nor dare attempt a flight so bold;
Imagine that—for fancy's stretch
Cannot afford too rich a sketch.

Alas! I feel no daring flight
Can paint a picture fair and bright;
A picture I would not demur
To own a semblance just of her.
When gen'rous nature sweetly join'd
Such beauty with a gentle mind;
And gave a heart divinely mild,
To make complete her fav'rite child;
How little she conceiv'd 'twould be
Destructive of man's liberty;
That I, to whom she freedom gave,
In freedom's clime would be a slave.

* * * * * *

"AWAY, enthusiast! away"—
(I hear the heartless stoic say)
" To save my soul I cannot prize
" The foolish youth of tears and sighs.
" With air of scorn, I hear them cry,
" Enamour'd Strephon, tell me why,
" The slave of beauty, you repine,
" And court for love the tuneful nine?
" Were I the son of song, my lyre
" Alone of learning should respire;
" And never should my lofty lays
" Be sullied with a woman's praise.
" Oft at reflecting manhood's prime,
" When you review departed time,
" Which, like the golden-pinion'd spring,
" Flies on fleet incessant wing,
" Your heart shall wring with may a pang,
" As with repentant tears you hang
" O'er precious moments thrown away,
" Pursuing love's illusive ray:
" And oft, in reading o'er the page
" Of life, at that uncertain age,
" When, like a flow'r of lovely hue,
" Genius unfolds itself to view,

" Your past career will sadly seem
" One idle unsubstantial dream,
" Which, fled, has left no trace behind
" To cheer the retrospective mind.
" Then will many a sigh attest
" The sorrows that shall wring your breast,
" For wasting all your fairest years,
" In unavailing sighs and tears."

Ye prattling fools who idly rail,
I'd gladly know of what avail
Are all the vauntings of your train,
With him who holds you in disdain?
Of what avail, I'd like to know,
You envious unregarded foe,
Is your derisive look of scorn?
Is your reproof of moments gone?
Still may your sland'rous tongue reprove
The heart with rapture giv'n to love;
Still the youth of feeling chide;
Still passion's heav'nly power deride;
Say what you please, do what you may,
Yet in spite of all you'll say,
I'll rev'rence and adore its sway;
And proudly to the world aver,
I'd not exchange one smile from her,
From her, whose heav'nly smiles impart
The sweetest lessons to my heart,

Fastidious men! for all your lore,
Nay, not for even wisdom's store.

Then, idle stoics! you may prate,
Alike your friendship and your hate,
For why should I for either care?
Nymphs and swains enough there are
Whose hearts from love are never free—
They all will sympathize with me.

SONG.

SHE dwells upon the mountain's brink,
Close by the silver streamlet's side;
Where the wild honeysuckles drink
The crystal dashings of the tide.

The dews of Verne's delicious vale
Are prest at morn by her dear feet;
Her voice steals with the evening gale,
Her sighs melt there as fragrance sweet.

Pure as the streamlet is her mind;
Her thoughts are like its flow'rets wild;
Kind as those dews, her heart is kind;
Her temper as the gale is mild.

She blends the lily with the rose;
Her neck is as the lily fair,
Upon her cheek the damask glows;
They both are sweetly mingled there.

O'er her fair eyes is seen to wave
Her auburn hair as ether light;
Like the loose floating clouds of eve
O'er stars of some voluptuous night.

She stole my heart—I do not mourn,
Or ask her to return it me;
I pray her only to return
My love with equal fervency.

TO LICEA,

WITH HER HAIR UNBOUND.

Oh! if thy heart to love be giv'n,
If tender thoughts awake thy breast,
Thou timid messenger of heav'n,
Come, learn in blessing to be blest!

But if to steal the peace that's mine,
And plant despair's corroding pain,
Thou wear'st that heavenly look of thine;
O Licea, wear it not again.

Bind up thy locks, they must not flow,
Unless to hide those eyes that speak;
Nor must again be seen the glow,
Which now illumes thy lily cheek.

Yet give thyself for me no care;
Nor dread the harm those eyes may do:
Bind not those wanton ringlets fair;
Nor hide that blush of vermil hue.

I feel I cannot love thee more—
Then be as angel fair to me;
For all I shall on earth adore,
Is concentrated, dear, in thee.

TO LICEA.

TURN hither, love, thy witching eye,
The willow's trembling leaf to view,
That flutters to each transient sigh
The morn doth breathe, or eve renew.

See how 'tis shaken to and fro,
The sport of ev'ry breeze that blows!
See how the gales which wanton flow,
Delight to rob it of repose!

As leaf that trembles to the wind,
Is this impassion'd heart of mine;
The sport of ev'ry word unkind,
And ev'ry angry glance of thine.

Thus is for ever wildly toss'd
By love's tempestuous gales about,
Its peace for ever, ever lost,
The feeling heart that harbours doubt.

ENVY.

Behold, my sweet innocent fair!
  Yon nymph who so frequently sighs;
She cannot from envy forbear,
  And she cannot her feelings disguise.

Her countenance, true to her heart,
  Discovers the wish that is there;
And confesses how keen is its smart,
  With a look of most moving despair.

Yet where is the bosom that's free
  Of this foe to the peace of each hour?
I envy my rival by thee;
  I envy the place of this flow'r.

Behold, 'tis a sensitive vine!
  How it droops on thy sensitive breast!
'Tis because the most feeling is thine;
  That thou art in beauty most blest.

Were I but that sensitive, dear!
  Which shrinks from the touch of thy hand,
While cherish'd so tenderly near,
  With what freshness my blooms should expand!

Thy breath would to me be the sigh
  Most grateful to flow'rets in May;
And the warmth of thy soul-beaming eye
  Would be the sun's fostering ray.

The fervors of mid-day decline,
  And flow'rs should their brightest tints wear;
But they seem all with envy to pine,
  At viewing a flow'ret more fair.

With the rose would the violet vie;
  The pink is as emulous too;
And the lily despairing will die
  The tulip much fairer to view.

The lily, love, which I have gather'd,
  To place on thy bosom more fair,
With envy alone will be wither'd,
  For it claims no comparison there.

Yet, Licea, I envy but one—
  'Tis the youth who is blest by thy side;
Who basks in the rays of that sun,
  Whose influence I am denied.

A generous glance of thine eyes
  To me, is like sunshine to those
Who, chill'd beneath summerless skies,
  Repine for the clime where it glows.

TO LICEA.

WILL you fly, and deny me a moment of time,
To recall what I said when by passion o'ersway'd?
A penitent heart is absolv'd of its crime,
And one that is contrite atonement has made.

As well can the sun to creation refuse,
At noon-day, the warmth of his generous ray;
Or the evening withhold her mellifluent dews
From the earth that is parch'd with his heat thro' the day;

As thou canst withhold, from a bosom so warm,
The hope of forgiveness for what I have said—
I declare, on my heart, I intended no harm,
Then say I'm forgiv'n—do say so, sweet maid!

Would the world any longer for me have in store
One pleasure or transport, if exil'd from thee?
Ah! no—pleasure's blossom would never bud more,
And life would have nothing remaining for me.

O think how I've lov'd thee! how warmly sincere!
Whole months of affectionate tenderness set
'Gainst a moment's offence, and I know thou wilt, dear,
My errors forgive, and for ever forget.

How sweet those bewitching expressions of eye,
  Which, beaming with pity, forgiveness convey!
So when thy pure soul shall return to the sky,
  May thy errors be pardon'd, and blotted away.

SONNET.

I WATCH'D, in mute sadness, the tear as it stole;
It hung on thy cheek like the dew on the rose;
Thine eloquent eye seem'd to say—" to the soul
" This tear of soft sorrow its origin owes."

I felt thy warm sigh, it breath'd on my ear,
Responsive I sigh'd, it was sympathy's sigh,
And tenderly soothing, the crystalline tear
From sympathy's source found its way to my eye.

Were ever two beings, my Licea, more near,
More closely united by nature's sweet tie!
Wherever I wander, my bosom will bear
And cherish this solacing thought till I die.

Oh! yes, I'll remember, when sever'd apart,
We were kindred in soul, and affianc'd in heart.

SONG.

THE soft dews of heav'n had blossom'd each spray,
Whence the red breast and linnet in carols were heard;
But the lips of my Licea were richer than they,
And her songs far outrivall'd the notes of each bird;
In the shade of an oak, as we fondly reclin'd,
To whose wide-spreading branches the ivy-vine clung;
As she gaz'd on the ivy, thus fondly entwin'd,
She hung on my bosom, and tenderly sung:

" I beseech thee, dear Edmund, go not to the war;
" O think how I wish thee to tarry at home!
" Reflect ere thou wander'st in regions afar,
" Or the dark-rolling ocean dost distantly roam,
" On the griefs that will sadden my poor widow'd heart,
" When it fancies the dangers a sailor must brave;
" When fears shall persuade we are sever'd apart,
" To meet, alas! never on this side the grave!

" Yet if duty compel thee, dear youth, to depart,
" Can I wish thee to tarry, or ask thee to stay?
" Though love and its pleasures are dear to my heart,
" Thy honour is dearer, far dearer than they.
" Oh! promise when fame and when glory shall twine
" Thy brow with their laurels, not then to forget me;
" When the splendours of fortune around thee shall shine,
" Remember me then as when troubles beset thee.

" Farewell! belov'd youth, I will part from thee now,
" Ere my heart in its weakness shall duty forego;
" While far, far away, forget not thy vow,
" Nor in absence thy love on another bestow.
" Fare thee well! go—the mandate of honour obey:
" Go—launch thy small bark to the merciless wave;
" For no envious nymph shall reproachfully say
" I detain'd thee while war call'd aloud for the brave."

Then with tears I replied to my Licea, and said,
" Yes—yes, my belov'd, I will ever be true;
" No vow have I plighted, no promise have made,
" But I'll plight o'er again, and with fervor renew.
" Though the wide-spreading plain of the crystalline sea
" Long—long may divide us, it only shall prove,
" Wherever I wander, an emblem to me,
" To remind me how pure and how vast is my love.

" When facing the foe, and the cannon's fierce fire,
" No fear shall appal me, though death may be nigh;
" Love, honour, and thou, shall with valour inspire,
" If I fall, in the noblest of causes I die.
" But if fate, which determines our mortal career,
" Return me in safety, from dangers abroad,
" On the wing of affection I'll fly to thee, dear,
" And find in thy fondness a soldier's reward."

THE RELIC.

FAINT is the joy—yea, all the rapture faint,
Known to the nun, who feels a love sincere
For some blest relic of a holy saint,
And boasts that relic held supremely dear;

To what I feel, who bear within my breast
The image of a saint that's worshipp'd there;
To what I know, who by that saint am blest,
Whose relic is a ringlet of her hair.

Oh! who but I can boast so rich a tress,
So sweet a pledge—which now I fondly kiss,
And fondly view—again in transport press—
Faint is the nun's religious joy to this.

THE MORNING VISION.

As on my couch I, musing, lay,
And anxious wish'd the dawn of day,
With care my aching mind was fraught
For tender love engross'd my thought,
Refreshing sleep, in pity, spread
Her airy mantle o'er my head;
And while I lay entranc'd in sleep,
I thought I saw my Licea weep.
I heard her say (the voice I knew)
"And is the absent youth untrue?"
And as she spoke, with trembling fear,
With pain, I watch'd the lucid tear—
The tear her eyes such hue had giv'n,
As sun-beams give the dew of heav'n:
A pensive thoughtful look she wore,
I ne'er had seen her wear before;
A meek, a mild, a heav'nly air,
Which dove-ey'd pity's self might wear:
The glow I'd seen her cheek illume,
Just like the May morn's earliest bloom,
With wishful gaze I strove to seek;
But grief had stoll'n it from her cheek.
With many an interrupting sigh,
And tears fast falling from her eye.

These accents melted on my ear—
" And is my Edmund insincere?"

Then softly in reply I said,
" Suspect me not, angelic maid!
" For though by fortune doom'd to rove
" Through climes remote from all I love,
" Thy image in my heart is borne,
" Nor shall it ever thence be torn."

A pleasing thrill now sweetly stole
Through all the windings of my soul;
Oh! 'twas a bliss I'd not have giv'n
For all the promis'd joys of heav'n.
But soon the envious morning's light
Dissolv'd the spell of sweet delight,
And chas'd, with its ungrateful beam,
The lovely vision, and the dream;
Yet, ere she fled, I heard her say,
" Forget me not while far away."

AN IMPROMPTU

TO A LADY WHO DESIRED A DELINEATION OF LICEA.

No poet's fancy can unfold
A form of such ethereal mould;
Nor can the pencil's happiest style
Express the sweetness of her smile.
A skilful artist may disclose
The beauty of a blushing rose,
And sweetly with its dazzling red,
With mellow touch the lily wed;
Yes, some there are who have the pow'r
To paint with truth the tinted flower;
Yet we, in vain, for one might seek
To sketch her fairer, lovelier cheek.
I'm sure a Melvell would despair
To match the rose and lily there;
He could not give, in semblance just,
(And to succeed he truly must)
Her snowy forehead, amply high,
The soft persuasion of her eye.

Ah! where is he who could aspire
To paint the soul of young desire;

To give that intellectual charm,
That spell within her eye, a form!
With fruitless effort he would find
Those lovely mirrors of the mind,
Where glows the soul, and beams the thought,
Are not by painting to be caught.
Sweet nature from the cloudless skies
Purloin'd the azure of her eyes;
And from some gem of precious hue,
When bath'd in morn's dissolving dew,
Or some resplendent star of night,
She stole their lustrous beams of light.

A poet's fancy wild and warm,
May picture many a common form;
The pencil too may haply trace
Many a sweet seductive grace;
Yes, I own there are who may
Of beauty make a sweet display;
But where is he, I doubting ask,
That can perform the given task?
Or even he, whose hand would dare
An image of the lovely fair?

AN EPISTLE

TO ———— ————, FROM NAPLES.

WHEN at the welcome close of day,
We've stray'd along the streamlet's side,
And spoke of friends then far away,
For whose sweet converse we have sigh'd;
I ask have you not often said,
When we have dwelt on names held dear,
"Next to the scorn of some lov'd maid
"A friend's neglect is most severe?"
Why have you then so soon forgot
One, from whose mind no time can blot
The days of friendship spent with you,
Which often passing in review,
A pensive sadness leave the heart,
Such as remember'd joys impart.

When last, my friend, I said adieu,
And tore myself away with pain,
I felt while parting then with you,
That we should never meet again.
But shall I say, what more than all
My sad desponding bosom tore!
Ah! no—no more let me recall
Regrets which now in part are o'er.

Let busy mem'ry dwell alone
On those enchanting happy hours,
When friendship's sun unclouded shone
And pleasure strew'd her fairest flowers.
When to the ivy shade we stole,
To meet a kindred feeling soul;
To taste the rich repast of mind,
Of thought by sentiment refin'd;
Alloy'd by no immodest jest,
By no improper wish exprest;
But pure as waves whose crystal dews
The languid lily's leaf imbues,
While bending o'er the streamlet's side
To pour its incense to the tide,
As breath of morn when first awoke
Was all we felt, was all we spoke.

How dearly bright those hours appear!
As bright as blooming May to one
Who turns, when nature's scenes are d rear,
And all the fairer months have run,
His mental eye to suns more warm,
Which for a time illum'd the earth
With smiles, whose renovating charm
Gave to a thousand beauties birth;
Awoke the od'rous blooms decay'd,
The blossom'd trees, and flow'rets wild;
Which sweets diffus'd, and charms display'd
When spring was young, and nature smil'd.

When we the streamlet's margin stroll'd,
And sung some fairy wood-nymph's praise;
And many a tender story told
Of girls admir'd in younger days—
Of some our bosoms still held dear,
Still fondly cherish'd with delight;
Of some, whose mem'ry claim'd a tear,
Long since recall'd to realms of light;
When tears bedew'd my weeping eyes
In tenderness of sorrow shed;
When I have breath'd affection's sighs
And mourn'd a gentle being dead;
A maid, to friendship's records dear,
Who did in ev'ry grace excel;
Whose bosom was a lovely sphere
For innocence enshrin'd to dwell;
A mind, in which no guile was found—
For such was her's I often mourn'd,
My friend, through boyhood's giddy round,
Ere my fond heart with passion burn'd.
Have you not said, "this sadness chase,
"Weep not for one who's blest above—
"Remember her of matchless grace
"Who lives to fire thy breast with love—
"O think of her, whose seraph form
"Breathes of a mold divinely fair,
"And glows with ev'ry kindling charm,
"Which heav'n could give, or woman wear.

" Turn all thy thoughts to her alone
" Whose love would make an angel blest;
" Regret no more, nor vainly mourn
" The loss of one who sleeps at rest;
" And when, far distant from these glades,
" Engag'd in pleasure's airy range,
" Sing not the charms of other maids,
" Let not their smiles thy heart estrange
" From one whose beauty rules it now—
" Ah! no—I'm sure thou ne'er wilt err;
" Thou never canst forget the vow
" Of love, so often pledg'd to her—
" And thou shalt find a friend in me,
" Who with a brother's tender care
" Will guard her innocence for thee,
" And for her ev'ry danger dare;
" Will shield her name from censure's breath,
" And ward the shaft of slander's tongue;
" For though she is of angel worth,
" Though she is blameless, pure, and young,
" Yet lovely virtue has its foes;
" Vice spreads for worth her wily snare;
" For black-ey'd envy aims at those
" Who seem most spotless, good, and fair.
" Full oft these scenes we now survey,
" These vales at silent evening rov'd,
" Shall hear me talk of him away,
" Of him who lov'd as few have lov'd.

" Yes, here, for many a distant day,
" I'll fondly fly, while Sol's last beam
" Shall play, as now we see it play,
" Faintly upon th' enamour'd stream:
" And make it all my dear employ
" To pen, for thee, the friendly strain;
" If pain should e'er have banish'd joy,
" To waken joy, and banish pain—
" Oh! yes, from day to day to trace,
" For thee, each change that's in her seen;
" To paint the smiles which light her face,
" The thoughts which shade her brow serene.
" And, oh! if language have the pow'r,
" The strength to tell her constancy,
" I'll speak of her, in that sweet hour,
" When she shall talk of love and thee."

How oft, while gazing on the sky,
When night has shed her dewy tear,
You've lowly murmur'd with a sigh,
As Cynthia pale we've seen appear
Above the ebon clouds of night,
And steal to her meridian height;
" To this lone spot, beneath the pine,
" Around whose trunk fond ivies twine,
" When thou afar shalt tune thy lyre
" By friendship's fantasy beguil'd,
" At this still hour will I retire,
" To listen to the murmurs wild

" Which on the whisp'ring breezes float—
" A soft and melancholy sound—
" Commingled with the night-bird's note,
" And echo'd by the rocks around.
" Then when my fancy roves each clime,
" And flies o'er years of future time,
" To think of happier days—alas!
" Of joys which ne'er may come to pass,
" Upon that beauteous orb I'll dwell,
" Whose beams shall, like a gifted spell,
" Lead all my wand'ring thoughts at last
" To think of thee and of the past."

Perhaps while even now I write,
That trembling beam—my friendly light—
That trembling beam may have for you
A spell to call those hours to view.
While o'er the azure arch it plays,
Now shaded by a cloud awhile;
Now chasing with its lustrous rays
The envious mists that hide its smile;
I think that fortune's brilliant rays
Will chase the clouds which darken o'er,
To shade awhile my youthful days,
That joys for me are still in store;
That we shall meet again, my friend,
Again those wish'd-for hours renew,
When Licea's smile shall sweetly lend
To all a bright and brilliant hue.

This fairy hope I'll not resign;
It has a sweet consoling pow'r;
For, while it warms this breast of mine,
I think of that delightful hour,
When we shall stray the silver shore,
And all our past adventures tell,
With pleasure talk of troubles o'er—
With this sweet hope, my friend, farewell.

SONNET.

How sweet to view his native land appears,
Whom adverse fortune hath compell'd to roam,
Wide o'er the world, for two long weary years,
To mourn, in absence, from his native home,
The loss of one, whose smile possess'd the pow'r
Of changing midnight to meridian day;
Whose converse gilded ev'ry passing hour,
And scatter'd pleasures o'er life's rugged way!
O! if the gentle maid is still the same—
And grant she may, ye guardian pow'rs above!
Be kind as then—her heart as fondly true—
Then, at her feet, impell'd by hope, I'll claim,
With pleading sighs, the sweet reward of love,
And, thus, the joys of those bright hours renew.

SERENADE.*

ARISE, my fair Licea, and shine the night queen,
Though Venus and Cynthia are still in the skies;
Yet Cynthia shall envy thy smile more serene,
And Venus of lustre be robb'd by thy eyes.

The tresses which stray o'er thy bosom shall seem
The mists seen to play o'er the streamlet at night;
Through which the bright planets in mellowness beam—
Thine eyes seem the stars, but of lovelier light.

Awake from thy slumbers, my Licea, awake;
The midnight is past, and the day-light is near;
Arise, my belov'd, be the morning's fair break—
Thy window the east, where her blushes appear.

'Tis thy Edmund return'd—O be not afraid—
No fears e'er alarm the soft breast of the dove;
Nor the heart of the fond timid gazel invade,
Surpris'd with the long-absent greetings of love.

The song of the bird is now heard from the spray,
And bright is the tear of the night on the thorn;
The day star is high on its circular way,
And faintly is seen the mild glow of the morn.

* This serenade is that alluded to in the fifty-eighth letter of the introduction, addressed to Licea on Edmund's return from the Mediterranean. EDITOR.

The east with the flush of Aurora may blaze,
And the smile of the sun-beam may silver the stream,
Till the mists of the vale are dispell'd by her rays,
And the dreams of the slumberer chas'd by that beam ;

But what is the splendour, the beauty of day,
Or the sun that so richly illumines the sky,
To him, who repines for the exquisite ray,
That should melt on his soul from thy eloquent eye.

O leave, my beloved, thy pillow of rest;
The hours on the wing are fast fleeting away;
The lover who sighs by thy smile to be blest,
In pity forgive, though he chides thy delay.

STANZAS.

SWEET girl, when, at first, I beheld you,
I thought that I never should find
A nymph who in beauty excell'd you,
Or surpass'd you in graces of mind.

You, in truth, were all loveliness then;
As an infant devoid of all art;
Too young for the flatt'ry of men—
None possess'd a more innocent heart.

Though, then, but a wild simple boy,
Yet I gaz'd on your look with delight;
Felt the sweetest sensations of joy
Thrill my heart at so novel a sight.

How charming, how lovely is she,
Who is blameless in action and thought!
Whose bosom from blemish is free!
Who the ways of the world has not caught!

Such did you in excellence seem!
I had never seen more to admire—
You were all of which fancy could dream—
You were all that my soul could desire.

With a heart form'd by nature for love,
How could I behold you unmov'd!
I did not, and who can reprove,
When I own I unconsciously lov'd!

How delightfully dear to the mind
Unperverted by stoical lore,
Its eye to cast fondly behind,
The records of past to trace o'er!

'Tis a pleasure I would not resign,
For all riches and fortune bestow;
At morn and at eve it is mine;
'Tis the sweetest enjoyment I know.

That moment I ne'er will forget;
The sun faintly gilded the west;
When first near the streamlet we met,
And with rapture and love I was blest.

SONNET.

Oh! if my tongue were ever insincere
  In vows and fervent plighted oaths of love
  Recorded in the heart, and register'd above;
Then may just Heav'n, and destiny severe
Mark me the victim of misfortune here;
  My faithless bosom with such torments fill,
  As will the ripening germs of pleasure kill;
Blight every blossom of expected joy,
  Which, now, the tender tree of love adorns,
Its promises with hate and scorn destroy,
  And make it fruitful with the sharpest thorns.

Such be my punishment if I'm untrue—
  Shunn'd by the world—a fate more cruel still,
Scorn'd by myself, and hated, dear, by you.

SONG.

CELESTIAL nymph! with eyes of blue,
And cheek as rose and lily fair,
With lips that shame the coral's hue,
And look which pleading saints might wear,
Why with murmurings sad complain
Of Heaven and nature's cold disdain?

Where can the wand'ring eye behold
A form of more enchanting air?
In ev'ry motion you unfold
Some grace before unnotic'd there;
Then why—in beauty's sweet array,
Think fate frown'd on your natal day?

Though of such fair, such vestal form,
Yet far more lovely is your mind;
Your heart is as an angel's warm,
As purely spotless and refin'd.
Then why—with all these gifts divine,
In languishment do you repine?

STANZAS.

How oft this anxious heart hath beat,
Since from my love I parted last!
When Licea promis'd she would meet
Her Edmund ere the noon was past.

Couldst thou imagine, dearest maid!
How long in absence seems a day,
I should no more thy stay upbraid,
Nor mourn one moment of delay!

But thou hast hours and hours delay'd—
For genial day is now no more;
The sun is low—and evening's shade
Soft steals the silver streamlet o'er.

O Licea, didst thou know how great,
When thou art present, is my bliss,
Thou never wouldst have staid so late,
But hither hasten'd long ere this.

O tarry not, my soul's delight!
O tarry not, thou life of me!
Come, thou celestial beam of light!
And I will gaze on heaven in thee.

See when thou com'st, with tearful eye,
Where with the rose the ivy twin'd;
How tender was the kindred tie
Which did those fallen victims bind!

By far the fairest of the vale—
Their beauties were unfolding fast,
Till came the rude inclement gale;
Till came the unrelenting blast.

Yet though their blooms, so rich and fair,
Are nearly blasted in their dawn,
The storm has left remaining there,
Keen as at first, the secret thorn.

An emblem I behold in them
Of love, which flatt'ring hope did rear
Around this heart—the rose's stem—
The blast it feels is cruel fear.

For, in thy absence, I'm a prey
To fear, which, like the blast unkind,
Tears the sweet buds of hope away,
And leaves the rankling thorn behind.

Then come, thou all that's dear to me!
Come—like the warm inspiring ray
Which blossoms ev'ry leafless tree,
And gives the vine its kindred stay.

SONG.

O WHERE is she, whose thrilling smile
My soul enraptures with delight?
Where is the maid who, free from guile,
Is pure as morn's celestial light?

Where art thou, lovely Licea, dear!
Where art thou, nymph of timid heart?
Come to thy own true Edmund here—
Come—rich in goodness as thou art!

It is the hour when nature's calm
Awakes the soul on passion's wing;
When ev'ry flower distils its balm,
That blooms upon the breast of spring.

Oh come in this delicious hour,
When, floating through the fragrant grove,
Is felt a heav'n-created power,
Which melts to languor and to love.

The sun has left the azure sphere;
The day is gone, and night is nigh;
The silent evening weeps her tear,
And breathes her warm dissolving sigh.

Then hasten from a world of care;
Haste, my beloved girl! to me,
With heart as frolic as the air—
As frolic I will haste to thee.

The moon shall lend her kindly beam
To light thee lest thou go astray;
Fly to me, dear! and night will seem
Like fancy's dream to steal away

SONG.

Soon, too soon, unthinking fair!
With heart so jocund and so free,
Thy beauteous brow a wreath shall wear,
Which envious time will twine for thee.

His rugged hand will not forbear
To dim the rose's transient glow;
To steal the richness of that hair,
Which softly clouds thy neck of snow.

For wintry age will hasten fast
To chase thy fairest joys away;
As lovely blossoms, by the blast,
Are wither'd at the close of day.

And care will join with these to wreathe
The chaplet with his ruthless hand;
No rosy flow'rs their sweets shall breathe
In blushes o'er the thorny band.

Then say—oh why, in youth's gay prime
Slight'st thou the wreath fond love has wove,
Sweet fair one! trifle not with time,
Which should be wholly giv'n to love.

For youth is like a meteor's gleam,
A dazzling and uncertain light;
And life, at best, a fleeting dream.
Which love has gilded with delight.

SONNET TO SPRING.

KIND is the aspect of returning spring;
The blast of chilling winter is no more;
The lambkins bleat, the plaintive robins sing—
Their sweetest notes through ev'ry valley pour;
The fairest chaplets sportive nature wreathes;
She bids the renovated flow'rets bloom;
The rose its fragrance in profusion breathes,
And brightly blushes o'er drear winter's tomb:
Cheerful is heard the shepherd's morning strain,
His simple songs the neighb'ring woods resound;
The happiest themes inspire the frolic swain,
His cot with peace, his fields with plenty crown'd;
His love return'd—sure nought can add to this,
Or fill his bosom with more rapt'rous bliss.

STANZAS.

THE shepherd is gone to his home in the vale,
And the hum of the song in the meadow is o'er;
Nought is heard but the boatman's fant chant in the gale,
And the waves gently beating the silver-sand shore;
On the banks of the streamlet since twilight I've stray'd,
And a thousand times thought the blest moment was nigh,
When these arms should encompass the white-bosom'd maid,
Of the sea coral lip, and the blue rolling eye.

You told me, dear girl, and I thought you sincere—
For I ne'er knew your tongue yet a falsehood to plight—
Ere the sigh of the gale, or the dew-spirit's tear,
Should steal on the motionless bosom of night,
Your voluptuous lip should enrapture my soul,
And all that fond love could bestow I should feel;
That if bliss to my bosom had never yet stole,
O'er my bosom again and again it should steal.

Where are you, fair nymph of the blue rolling eye?
'Tis night, and the dew-spirit weeps o'er the glade—
'Tis late—and the hollow gales murmur their sigh—
O why are you absent, my white-bosom'd maid?
The boatman's wild chant will be sweet to your ear,
For reclin'd at the close of the eve in this haunt,
You have said, with a kiss, don't you think with me, dear!
Is there not something sweet in the boatman's wild chant?

The pathway is lighted by Hesper's soft beam,
Which sportively plays on the tremulous tide;
Come, and learn from its amorous ray on the stream,
And from waves that are kissing the shores as they glide,
What they sweetly would teach, as in union they meet—
O hasten, and let us the moments improve,
Indulging in dalliance, endearingly sweet,
And learning from nature her lessons of love.

O fly—while these scenes of enchantment invite—
Fly, fly, and your lover enrich with your charms;
Bright Venus, propitious, will lend you her light,
And conduct you, in safety, dear girl, to these arms:
Will the heart which is throbbing, impatiently wild,
Which, languishing, longs for expected delight—
Will the bosom on which you so fondly have smil'd,
Be blest with the raptures you promis'd to-night?

TO LICEA.

LET me kiss from thy cheek those tears I see flow,
And bind up thy hair—yes, let me confine
Those tresses that steal down thy bosom of snow—
Oh! I feel they bewilder these senses of mine.

'Tis enough, my dear girl, that the blossom is there,
Without the bright dew-drop its blushes to lave:
'Tis sufficient thy bosom is lovely and fair,
Without those rich tresses which wantonly wave.

Those tears shall be chas'd by the thrillings of joy;
These locks again twine round thy temples above;
And thou wilt forgive a poor fond foolish boy,
Who caus'd thee such grief from excess of his love.

TO LICEA.

I OFT have resembled this ringlet of hair
To a relic which lay upon piety's shrine;
And myself to a pilgrim, who, wandering there,
Had borne it away in a transport divine.

'Twas a token from thee, my sweet girl, I receiv'd—
"O keep this," thou saidst, "in remembrance of me:
"'Tis a token sincere."—It was true, I believ'd,
And kept the dear treasure, and lov'd it for thee.

No vision that's bright to the fancy of youth
Like this could enchant or enamour my eye;
How oft have I said, "'Tis a token of truth,
"A pledge on which love may with safety rely."

But alas! 'twas bestow'd to deceive me I fear,
Yet how can a woman, so seemingly kind,
Be in look and in language so warmly sincere
While her heart, and her soul, are to falsehood inclin'd?

Ah! no—so angelic, so lovely a form,
A work on which nature exerted her care,
A heart must embosom, unfeignedly warm;
A soul must encircle, celestially fair.

I pray thee encourage no longer this flame,
Unless from the purest intention 'tis done;
Good heav'n! is there one who can artfully aim
To win—then betray the fond heart she has won?

How gentle thou seem'st! how serene is thy brow!
Such expression is worn but by angels of light!
Ne'er before have I seen—no, never till now,
Not even in fancy, a vision so bright!

And never before did I love with such zeal,
Thou ever wast dear, yet now dearer than ever;
This moment I feel—oh! most fervently feel,
That nothing but death our affections can sever.

TO LICEA.

I NEVER, though eight years I've rov'd
The wide world, wild and free,
Have yet beheld a nymph I lov'd,
Or thought I lov'd, but thee.

I never yet in pleasure's sphere,
Caressing and caress'd;
Have seen a girl to me more dear,
Or priz'd above the rest.

I never yet have breath'd a vow
Which was not breath'd to thee;
I never shed a tear, till thou
Didst wring that tear from me.

Where is the sad forsaken maid,
Who pines with secret woe,
By man, ungenerous man, betray'd,
Whose tears I caus'd to flow?

Then, dearest! do not thus reprove
A heart sincerely thine;
Pledge me again thy vows of love,
And be for ever mine.

O do not coldly thus repay
  Vows breath'd from lips sincere—
Seal'd with affection's seal are they,
  With first-love's dewy tear

SONG.

O CHASE, my beloved, the tremulous glow
Which tinges thy cheek with the rose-bud of May;
And never let more those silken locks flow,
Nor thine eyes beam again with its summer-like ray.

For who from such dangerous charms is secure?
Ah! none who did ever their sweetness survey—
I feel they have stolen my heart with their lure;
I fear they are stealing my senses away.

But care will the magic of beauty consume—
Yet thou wilt be dearer when that shall have fled;
For in lieu of those blushes will goodness illume,
And love be the lustre those eyes then shall shed.

O chase, my beloved, thy lips coral hue—
Yet how can it fade when 'tis moist with thy breath?
Could my lips be enrich'd with the sweets of such dew,
They would glow, like a rose, in the moment of death.

But age will soon steal these allurements away,
As thou hast the peace from my bosom sincere;
And thy bloom will decline like the glitter of day—
Yet when it has fled, I will still hold thee dear.

For thy heart of soft pity, thy graces of mind,
Can neither by time nor by care be effac'd;
And enough will remain for affection behind,
When beauty and bloom by these foes have been chas'd.

IMPROMPTU

Occasioned by Licea's having in a note made use of the expression, one in two *with a dash, and replying in an emphatic and jocular manner on my asking her the meaning—"'tis nothing new."*

TELL me, Licea, how 'tis done?—
"Done," you cry, "'tis nothing new"—
I thought the adage *two in one,*
But now I find it *one in two.*

Did you intend this meaning line
Our glowing hearts should sever;
'Tis now too late—for this of mine
Is chain'd to yours for ever.

Consign then, dearest, yours to me,
In lieu of mine I've given;
And all the world will then agree,
"Matches are made in heaven."

SONNET.

LICEA, e'en now, while seated by thy side,
Blest by thy smile, and on thy accents dwelling;
Feeling the warmth of pleasure's thrilling tide,
Through ev'ry vein, and all my bosom swelling;

Prophetic fears obtrude to shade my brow,
To mingle with my bliss some strange alloy;
Forgive—but oh! 'tis while I'm happy now,
I feel how frail the tenure of my joy.

For woman's heart is changeful as the wind;
Her smiles are like the genial breeze of morn:
On angry waves I've felt the blast unkind—
But where's the blast can equal woman's scorn?

Yes—while I bask in sunshine of thy smile,
I fear thy frown, and tremble all the while.

TO LICEA.

And do you ask, my gentle dear!
Why I am sad when you are gay?
It is, because I then most fear
You chase me from your heart away.

And would you know, my lovely maid!
Why I appear so cheerful now?
It is, because I love the shade
Seen hovering o'er your tranquil brow.

It is, because, my beauteous fair!
I think you feel far more for me,
When sadness mingles in your air
Than when you frolic light and free.

For pity wears no airy guile
Her's is a soft and thoughtful mien;
And, if within the breast she lies.
She in the pensive face is seen.

TO LICEA.

WOULD I could banish—but ah! no,
I never can forget
The cause of all these sighs of woe,
These tears which now unceasing flow,
These pangs of keen regret.

Ask not, inconstant! why I mourn,
Or whence my sorrows spring;
Where is the pledge thy hand hath worn,
On which our mutual vows were sworn,
That little hallow'd ring?

Ungen'rous girl! no more my heart
Shall waste its love on thee:
Farewell! we now, for ever, part;
All fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast no charms for me.

TO LICEA.

No—never, girl, will I repose
  Within a bosom, cold as thine;
The cause of all the many woes
  Which nestle in this breast of mine.

O may thy lips ne'er breathe again
  Vows with feign'd warmth alone express'd!
No—never let such vows profane
  Lips with such persuasion bless'd.

And can beneath so sweet a smile,
  So fair a look, there lurk deceit?
And can that tongue e'er practise guile,
  With lips so artless and so sweet?

Oh! I have caus'd that tender tear!—
  How could I thus unkind reprove
One held so fondly, warmly, dear!
  One lov'd with all the soul of love!

STANZAS.

THIS morn, near the rivulet's side,
I pluck'd a sweet rose from its stem—
Next thyself it was nature's fair pride
'Twas indeed a most beautiful gem.

I plac'd in my bosom—no foe—
This bud with most delicate care;
I hop'd for a while it would glow
In its wonted luxuriance there.

" Live here, thou sweet blossom!" I said,
" To search for my Licea I rove;
" When I meet with the innocent maid,
" I'll give thee—a gift of my love."

We have met, but the blossom is blighted;
Its leaves are all faded, and gone;
Of the rose that so sweetly delighted,
Now nothing remains but its thorn.

Alas! 'tis an emblem, I'm sure—
Yes the flow'ret that withers so fast,
Whose blooms but a moment endure,
Is an emblem of joys that are past.

Its odours, so transiently shed,
  Are pleasures, I think, that are o'er—
Are joys which for ever are fled,
  To visit my heart never more.

'Tis thus with affection like thine,
  Which budded and liv'd for an hour,
To fade, and existence resign,
  Ere its blossom had bloom'd to a flow'r.

STANZAS.

O'ER Licea's harp, one evening hour,
A youth of downcast look reclin'd;
And felt its sweet assuasive power,
Steal softly o'er his troubled mind.

"As many a note as fell from thee,"
The youth of sorrow sigh'd and said,
"So many a pang is felt by me,
"So many a tear mine eyes have shed.

"Thou fondly soother of my pain!"
He murmur'd softly to the lyre,
"Swell ev'ry gale with pity's strain—
"Let music melt from ev'ry wire.

"And I will hang for ever here,
"And never feel a wish to part—
"For while thy breathings charm my ear,
"They sweetly sooth my sorrowing heart."

THE DREAM.

THERE's not an hour that glides away
Throughout the ling'ring night and day,
'Mid pleasures or 'mid dark regrets,
In which my heart calls not to view
The nymph, who, far away, forgets
That heart for ever warm and true.

Whene'er I make my lonely stroll
To you in sighs I breathe my soul;
For like the faithful needle true,
My thoughts for ever tend to you.
Whene'er at eve, or early day,
Along the streamlet's bank I stray,
Unmindful of the charms of spring,
Of you unceasingly I sing;
And fill the am'rous gales which play,
In dalliance with voluptuous May,
With praise as fervent as the sigh,
Which melts from summer's warmest sky.

Even at midnight's silent hour,
When sleep assumes his pleasing pow'r,

You alone are fancy's theme—
You float in ev'ry airy dream—
Yes, through every dream you're seen
In some bewitching fairy mien;
Now in angel's lovely guise,
A guardian seraph from the skies;
Now like a sadly silent nun,
Or pensive virgin of the sun—
Light o'er that lovely brow of snow
I've seen your auburn tresses flow;
Through ev'ry silken lapse would shine
Thine eyes of softness—eyes divine!
The look of pity they express
For tender sorrow and distress,
Glowing with that consoling air,
Which sooths and softens ev'ry care—
I've o'er your harp in transport hung,
When all its wires to love were strung;
And felt my bosom's first desire
Would be to breathe its am'rous fire
In sounds as touching to the soul
As those which from the harp-strings stole—
But when the morning wakes its light,
(The morning barren of delight)
These gilded visions fleet away,
And through the long and ling'ring day,
With many a wish I think of you,
And call my broken dreams to view.

It seem'd that silent hour of night,
When souls are steep'd in soft delight;
And, stealing fancy's pinions, rove
Through all the fairy climes of love:
As on my downy couch repos'd,
My weary eyes in slumber clos'd,
I dreamt—sweet love! 'twas but a dream—
I wander'd by the winding stream,
Where we have watch'd, at day's farewell,
Its limpid waves now gently swell;
Now murm'ring sink, and die away,
Ting'd with the sun's last fading ray.

The day was past!—the blushing queen
Of night diffus'd her light serene,
Giving to ev'ry tear of dew
A lustre like the diamond's hue—
Along its banks I careless stray'd
O'er flow'ry vale, and spangled glade,
Impell'd through all my vagrant course
By griefs I felt—of new-born force—
At length, in weariness, I sunk
Beneath the pine, whose rugged trunk
Is hung with many a curling vine,
Which loves its branches to entwine;
And sleep, that oft his charm denies,
Now gently stole, and seal'd my eyes.

While thus entranc'd I, slumb'ring, lay,
Dreaming the twilight hours away,
My fancy, which had dwelt on you,
Throughout the day, now brought to view
Your lovely self, such did it seem
Your image painted in a dream—
It was in look so much the same,
I spoke and call'd it by your name;
So great the semblance, I could trace
Each well known feature of your face;
It had that touching look of mind,
That certain something, undefin'd,
Whose fascinating spell can steal
The heart endu'd with warmth to feel:
It had the smile I've seen you wear—
Your snowy neck and flowing hair—
Those eyes of blue made their display
Of little loves which in them lay:
Like rose-buds, moisten'd with the dew,
Appear'd your lips, of richer hue;
Around your mouth the dimple play'd,
As soft you spoke, and kindly said,
"O Edmund, why this alter'd look?
"Has gentle peace thy heart forsook?
"Oh why is chang'd thy cheerful air?
"Why is thy brow o'ercast with care?
"Banish sorrow, youth, be gay,
"Let pleasure chase thy griefs away."

In tones of anguish, I replied,
" I once the shafts of love defied—
" But now by beauty's spell beguil'd,
" My heart's consum'd with passions wild,
" My days of peace are wholly o'er—
" But fly, lov'd woman, speak no more—
" It was yourself that stole away
" My peace, and left my heart a prey
" To pangs which few have ever felt,
" Which fate but to a few has dealt:
" It was that tongue which closely wove,
" Around my heart, the toils of love."

Again you spoke—affection warm
Appear'd to beam in ev'ry glance;
But some rude fear dissolv'd the charm,
And woke me, trembling, from my trance.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Ye fates, who o'er man's gloomy lot preside!
Ye pow'rs, to whom the secret heart is known!
Ah! why, by sickness, do ye thus divide
Me from the nymph whose absence now I mourn.

When fragrant flow'rs their various charms disclose,
I oft have seen, upon some blossom'd spray,
The robin-red-breast woo the blushing rose,
Breathing his love in carols, wild and gay.

Until, perchance, a wanton, thoughtless boy,
Caught with the glowing lustre of the leaf,
Stole thence the flow'r, and chang'd his song of joy
To plaintive notes of unavailing grief.

Then, wildly, through the still sequester'd grove,
I've seen him fly—forlorn, unheeding where—
To seek the stolen object of his love;
Mourning in melting murmurs of despair.

How much like his my hopeless fortune seems!
For I have known much brighter, happier days—
When lovely Licea first inspir'd my themes,
Gay was my song, and light my roundelays.

But, since dark fate hath sever'd us apart,
My songs, like his, are chang'd to notes of woe—
Like his, I feel is my bereaved heart,
From which my sad complaints for ever flow.

Where is the youth, of such unripen'd years,
Who loves more truly—feels more grief than I?
Who sheds from sorrow's secret source more tears?
Who oft'ner sighs the heart's unconscious sigh?

Here let me rove along the silent vale;
To reckless rocks of cruel fate complain:
The morning breeze, the noon and ev'ning gale,
Shall bear the message of my mournful strain.

At setting sun, I'll seek the sylvan shade,
And on the streamlet's flow'ry banks recline;
'Twas there I first beheld the blooming maid;
Dear is the spot which made that moment mine!

Long—long, to memory will her name be dear,
My guardian angel through life's devious way;
Where'er I rove her image shall be near,
Lest from the path of rectitude I stray.

And when to distant friends I would portray
A woman, wearing ev'ry winning grace,
My fancy, warm'd by pure affection's ray,
The lovely Licea's look shall strive to trace.

ON LICEA'S RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

As when the moon salutes the orient sky,
  Obscur'd by glooms and heavy clouds awhile,
Unveils her beauty to the raptur'd eye,
  And wakes all nature with a cheerful smile.

So do I see a glow illume her face,
  So long o'ercast by sickness and by grief;
And feel what happiness it is to trace
  Health's glowing lineaments in so fair a leaf.

For while the lovely girl in sickness lay,
  The blessing of repose I never knew;
Concern for her had chas'd my joys away—
  But with her health, I feel them all renew.

SONG.

THE golden beams of morn return,
I see them gild the mountain's steep;
I fear they'll wake the maid of Verne—
I fear they will disturb her sleep.

The twitt'ring swallow woes those beams—
His am'rous songs, to them address,
I fear will chase her morning dreams—
I fear will break her grateful rest.

Chase not her dreams,—break not her rest,
Ye sunny beams! thou swallow gay!
For now with health so nearly blest,
Nought must its sweet return delay.

TO LICEA.

COME, my beloved, let us fly
To some sequester'd, silent spot,
Far from the world's disdainful eye
Where all its cares may be forgot.

Where we an hour may haply steal,
Releas'd from all officious foes;
To feel—in luxury to feel
The charm of undisturb'd repose.

Here is that spot of evening calm;
Here is that wish'd for pensive shade;
Where peace respires its blissful balm;
Where no unhallow'd foot invade.

The lonely hermit's cloister'd cell
Was ne'er a sweeter place of rest;
Here let us bid the world farewell,—
Here fashion's strife can not molest.

Here let us scorn the worldling's sneer
The pride of sland'rous tongues despise
Despise the stoic—judge severe,
Whose heart in icy slumber lies.

Come to me, love, and fearless make
  My glowing breast thy couch of peace;
I never will a thought awake,
  Which purity would bid to cease.

O why so lost in thought appear?
  This is a moment to rejoice—
Speak to me, love, and let me hear
  The soothing softness of thy voice.

For like the music I have known
  Breath'd from thy pensive airy lyre,
Its sweet insinuating tone
  My sadden'd bosom will inspire.

Let no obtrusive fears control
  Thy artless tongue's ingenuous flow—
But tell me truly has thy soul
  With passion's warmth yet known to glow.

Speak to me, dear, and freely say,
  Is still thy gentle bosom free?
Have fifteen summers pass'd away,
  And love ne'er forg'd his chain for thee?

For pity's sake, I pray thee speak,
  Nor chide me with a scornful eye;
Let not suspicion flush thy cheek,
  For I this hour for thee would die.

Hide not those beauteous eyes of thine ;
  Deny me not their kindling rays—
No other eye but heav'n's and mine
  Can now upon their lustre gaze.

Turn not thy blushing cheek away—
  O dearest! turn it not from me;
For I alone that blush survey,
  And I do live to gaze on thee.

Why steals the soul's prophetic tear?
  Why heaves thy bosom with a sigh?
What can molest or harm thee here?
  There is no cruel guardian by.

No frigid unimpassion'd prude,
  To cause that tear or wake that sigh—
No ruffian rival, roughly rude—
  What canst thou fear when I am by?

Come to these arms, my only dear!
  And in them all thy cares forget;
I'll kiss away that pensive tear,
  And chase thy doubting heart's regret.

And if for moments fled for ever,
  The sigh of secret sadness flows;
By ev'ry tender warm endeavour,
  I'll sooth that sadness to repose.

Upon this doting breast recline,
Whose beating pulse to thine is true;
There ev'ry painful thought resign,
And ev'ry idle fear subdue.

Cling to this bosom, timid maid!
My eyes to feast upon thy charms—
Sweet innocent! be not afraid
To rest within thy lover's arms.

Oh! nearer, Licea, nearer still—
Good heav'n! how cold thy heart would seem!
Away with fears of future ill,
The phantoms of an idle dream.

See here, my coy, reluctant girl!
How the wild luxuriant vine
Fondly entwines, with am'rous curl,
The wooing branches of the pine.

The lovely lessons they impart,
Are touching to a soul like mine;
Ah! if thy generous, gentle heart,
Thus with its kindred would entwine!

If that fond vine did emblem thee,
Were thy affection pictur'd there,
I then in happiness should be,
A being far beyond compare.

Blest be those eyes of humid light!
Like stars through dewy show'rs they shine,
And by their languid look invite—
I gaze, dissolv'd in dreams divine.

They seem to say—thy sinless soul,
The votary of feeling's shrine,
In spite of ev'ry chill control,
The passion feels that frenzies mine.

O yes, if I do rightly read,
The look of tenderness they wear;
Then I with love am blest indeed,
For all its glowing fires are there.

With those whose minds are chastely pure,
In dalliance there can be no harm;
For what is wanton vices lure,
Compar'd with lovelier virtue's charm?

Then fly not this intwining arm,
Which now infold thy fragile frame;
For if our hearts alike are warm
By one refin'd and guiltless flame,

Where can, adored Licea, prove
The wrongs which narrow souls may find
In every little act of love—
However pure—howe'er refin'd?

Trust, my endearing girl, to me,
Nor think I ever would advise—
Would strive to tempt or influence thee
To ought that wore not honour's guise.

How wholly free of guile thou art!
Oh! blessed be thy artless tongue—
And curs'd the wicked wily heart
That could a blameless woman wrong!

What ecstasy it is to press
The bosom, by affection won!
A bosom that will warmly bless
With love's return, as thine hath done!

Oh! if when I am doom'd to death,
I were permitted here to die—
To bless thee with my parting breath
And feel upon my lip thy sigh—

To see thy tender sorrows rise,
And bathe those lambent eyes in dew;
To gaze, while dying, on those eyes
As soft as heav'n's cerulean blue,

And sink in silent sleep to rest
Entranc'd upon a bed like this;
To make my heav'n thy spotless breast,
My last elysium of bliss.—

I then the sinful wish would feel,
All frenzied with a glow divine,
Within these circling arms to steal,
And, in delirium, life resign.

'Tis not in language to reveal
All which enraptures now my heart—
For I, this happy moment, feel
More than expression can impart.

My tongue hath not the pow'r to tell
The raptures which I now possess—
Did never, dear, thy bosom swell
With transports words could not express?

Such sweet sensations, new and strange,
For which love's language hath no name,
Are ranging with the vital range;
Are thrilling through my trembling frame.

Why did you, dear, so long delay
My pleading passion to requite;
O think how many a tedious day,
How many a long and weary night,

Have past, since first was stol'n away
The heart in passion's slumber found;
Without one bright propitious ray
To light them through their irksome round.

Then give me all thou canst bestow,
And make it all thy soul's employ,
The bliss I sigh'd for, months ago,
To let me doubly, now, enjoy.

Some foe to love may soon appear,
Who will conjecture with surprise,
Why we should wander lonely here,
And seek the solitude he flies.

'Tis late—for low has sunk, O see,
In yonder west, the languid sun;
'Tis late—Ah! be advised by me,
Improve the moments ere they're gone.

On pleasure's golden wing they haste,
No more like these hath time in store—
Then let us not such moments waste,
But number them in kisses o'er.

Turn to me, dearest, turn and press
Thy dewy lips to mine which burn;
Oh! if thou wouldst completely bless,
Turn, my endearing Licea, turn.

That in delicious transport I
Ambrosial dews of bliss may sip,
May drink the honey of thy sigh
Which bathes thy soft luxurious lip.

May, once again, before we part,
Those eyes of softest azure view;
And from those records of thy heart,
Learn if thy plighted vows be true.

O yes—no purer vows than they,
Were ever pledg'd to saints above;
Then let them richly now repay
The long inquietudes of love.

Ah! had the love-sick Lesbian maid
To Phaon breath'd so sweet a strain,
The faithless youth had never stray'd,
Nor love-sick Sappho woo'd in vain.

In melting languishment repeat
Each soul-infatuating vow;
For never were thy words so sweet—
Thy heart so warmly kind as now.

Such words of fondness I can hear
Whilst thou hast life to breathe them o'er;
Though music can enchant my ear,
Thy tender vows enrapture more.

In softest murmurs let them flow,
For I believe them all sincere;
Oh! never more can I forego
The raptures I have boasted here.

SONG.

Fly not away, enchanting fair!
Of azure eye, and silken hair,
  Leave not so soon the soothing lyre:
O let its Lydian murmurs roll
  In melting wildness from each wire,
And calm the sadness of my soul!

Oh! wake again each golden string—
  Again awake that voice divine;
And all the sweetest flow'rs of spring
  I'll cull—your brow of snow to twine.

Stay, my beloved little girl!
Of coral lips, and teeth of pearl,
  Yet stay, and steal the chords along;
And, all the while, the wreath you wear,
  With fragrance shall repay the song
Which chases pensive thought and care.

TO LICEA.

WILT thou forget, my gentle maid,
When far from thee I rove,
The tender homage I have paid,
The vows so often I have made
Of constancy and love?

I never lay my head to rest,
Or close my weary eyes,
But thou, enshrin'd within my breast,
In innocence so saintly drest,
Bidst love's devotion rise!

Wilt thou forget my last farewell?
O speak, my timid fair?
Before we part these fears dispel,
Nor suffer in this heart to dwell
The doubts which rankle there.

Ne'er shall the happy hours I've past
Be blotted from my view;
For mem'ry oft her eye shall cast
O'er hours of bliss, too sweet to last,
And feel their joys anew.

Wilt thou forget my votive lyre,
The lyre of artless woe?
Ah! say the flame of friendship's fire
Shall ne'er in thy warm heart expire,
But brighter—purer—glow.

I never wind my devious way
By Evon's silver stream;
Or Verne's sweet vale at evening stray,
But Licea wakes my roundelay,
And love is all my theme.

And none but thou shall claim my song;
For, faithful as thou art,
My tend'rest lays to thee belong—
I'll breathe them, with a fervent tongue,
Through ev'ry distant part.

And should misfortune force me long
To wander, far from thee,
Heav'n hears me swear to never wrong
The maid to whom my vows belong
Of love and constancy.

And thou wilt never, never change,
Nor let thy love decay;
Nor suffer, while the world I range,
A rival's riches to estrange
And bribe thy heart away.

STANZAS.

KEEN are the pangs of him condemn'd to fly
The friends of childhood, and his native clime;
How oft he breathes the unavailing sigh!
How slowly sad revolve the hours of time!

Though keen his pangs, more cruelly severe
Are those I'm doom'd, in banishment, to prove;
A lover, torn from all my heart holds dear!—
Mine are the bitter pangs of hopeless love.

Oft as I've mark'd the day's reluctant close,
Or view'd, at morn's return, the pleasing sun,
I've wish'd that, thus, through all its weary woes—
Through all the rounds of grief my heart had run.

I've hop'd it so in many a noon-day dream—
For fancy oft, in glowing colours drest,
Whispers, "joys enlivening beam
"Will chase the glooms which now benight thy breast."

As the warm blushes of returning morn
Succeed the horrors of a cheerless night;
As the worn tar, on angry billows borne,
Hails with new joy his destin'd port in sight;

As the sweet blossoms of young rosy May
  Succeed the blights of dismal winter's gloom—
So shall my joys, enhanc'd by long delay,
  More sweetly dawn, and more profusely bloom.

Then purest pleasure, uncontroll'd, shall reign,
  And life shall all its store of bliss impart;
Whole years of rapture for an hour of pain
  Shall make atonement to this sicken'd heart.

STANZAS.

THE mild blush of eve is no more in the west;
The shades of still night softly steal o'er the plain;
But soon will Aurora awake from her rest,
And cheer with her smiles all creation again.

Not so with this bosom by sorrows opprest—
The bright beam of hope will never more cheer,
Or relume with a ray the wanderer's breast,
Whose heart is a prey to anguish severe.

But why tell the griefs which my bosom now fill!
Why to strangers the cause of my sorrows disclose!
There are few who acknowledge compassion's soft thrill—
There are none can restore to my bosom repose.

O ye, who the welfare of mortals control!
Why thus should ye cruelly sever apart
Two beings endear'd by an union of soul—
Two join'd by the sweetest connexion of heart.

Ye zephyrs that flutter, regardless, along
By the cot near the stream that is sung by the bard,
Convey in soft pity the plaint of his song,
And the sigh which she breathes shall be your reward.

STANZAS.

THE silent morn was sweetly mild;
The sky of ev'ry cloud was free;
By flatt'ring calms, a bark beguil'd,
Unfurl'd her sails and put to sea.

But scarcely had the morning past,
Ere clouds obscur'd the welkin's glow;
And sadly was the vessel cast,
By angry billows, to and fro.

How like this little wave-tost bark,
Is he who, just arriv'd at age,
Leaves happy boyhood to embark
On manhood's more eventful stage!

Which, like the tempest-troubled main
Assails with waves on ev'ry side—
Ah! then, for some calm port, in vain
He sighs, in which to safely ride.

TO THE FRIEND OF LICEA.

Oh! tell me, gentle lady fair,
Where I can find my peace of mind!
Where I can hide from pain and care,
For I have now the world resign'd!
I once, like thee, contented felt,
And peace within this bosom dwelt:
Alas! these happy days are past—
Life's summer is not long to last,
Ere winter's clouds will thicken o'er,
And nature's brightest scenes obscure.
It is a melancholy truth,
Ere love beguil'd my simple youth,
I was as blithe as any swain
Whose footstep prest the flow'ry plain—
No tears were shed with evening's dew,
Nor was the breath the morning drew
Fill'd with the sighs of early woe,
Taught by the tears of love to flow;
Departed days! too shortly o'er!
Remember'd joys, alas, no more!

Many a golden sun hath cast,
Its lustres o'er the azure sphere;
Many a ling'ring day hath past,
Since I have rov'd forgotten here;

Since here I breath'd the sigh of woe,
And shed the dewy tears of grief—
I feel there is in tears that flow
To me a soothing soft relief;
Yet sighs I breathe, and tears I shed,
Can not my bosom's woe remove;
I have a secret sorrow fed,
By pangs of unrequited love.

As through the giddy world I range,
And oft my home and climate change,
I wish the varying scenes I view
Could change the heart's complexion too—
But where'er I rove I find
No varying scenes can change my mind;
Nor time, nor place, can ease impart
Or change my ever constant heart—
When cloy'd with those too often view'd,
I fly the world for solitude,
Still love pursues where'er I fly—
Still falls the tear—still flows the sigh.
When far in vernal shades retir'd,
I seek the peace so much desir'd,
I nothing fading there survey,
But so I think is pleasure's ray;
Which shines within the breast awhile,
Then fades, like nature's transient smile.
If but a drooping rose I see,
I think it emblems love and me;

For love has thorns more keen than those
Seen to invest the drooping rose;
And I shed tears of poignant grief,
Like those which gem its pallid leaf.
No scenes I view, however bright,
Can wake one impulse of delight—
What is th' enamel'd fragrant vale,
Or song that swells the balmy gale,
To him who seeks the lonely grove,
To mourn the absence of his love.

Ye vales, that bloom so gay and fair!
Though lovely are the robes you wear,
You but remind, in every scene,
My heart of what it once has been.
Ye little birds, that round me throng!
Is it for me you wake your song?
Alas! the sweetness of your strain
Is breath'd in tenderness in vain—
Ye but recall the sprightly lays
Of happier hours and brighter days,
With which I woo'd my gentle love,
In Evon's dear delicious grove.
Nought that meets the eye or ear
Can this dejected bosom cheer.
Hope, like the faint and transient beam
That glimmers in the midnight dream,
To soften by its trembling light
The dreary darkness of the night,

Once through my terrors kindly smil'd
And woe, in some degree, beguil'd—
But she is felt to warm no more—
Her friendly efforts are all o'er.
And yet I think this gift I bear—
This treasur'd lock of Licea's hair,
Should be a pledge whence hope should seem
From ev'ry golden spire to beam.
Oh! now I feel, or think I feel,
Her influence to my bosom steal;
Yes, yes, 'tis her inspiring ray
That lights it up with visions gay.
I feel her warm and thrilling glow
Dispel the dark'ning shades of woe,
And prospects, bright and fair, unfold,
Ting'd with her celestial die,
Bright as the rainbow's hue of gold,
So welcome to the seaman's eye.
The morning stars prophetic dawn,
Which harbingers returning light—
The rosy blush of sweet breath'd morn,
Which dissipates the shades of night;
The lark that soaring through the sky,
To give his eye unbounded scope,
Ne'er hail'd with more delight—than I
The soul enlivening smile of hope.

MINSTRELSEY TO LICEA.

SWEET robin, stay thy careless flight
Already day hath flitted by;
The sun has sunk—'tis nearly night
And gath'ring glooms enshroud the sky.

O rest with me—the rising moon
Will break through evening's twilight soon,
And with a bright enlivening ray,
Will light thee safely on thy way;
But if, sweet bird, like me thou roam,
Friendless and sad, without a home,
Ranging through airy climes above,
As I through dismal forests rove,
It matters not where thou shalt rest,
Through this long night, thy aching breast.
Here is a weeping willow tree,
For ev'ry little wanderer free,
On which if thou wilt perch and stay,
Thou shalt be welcome, robin grey!
Light lonely wand'rer, thou hast here
No hidden foe—no snare to fear—
Nothing here through night shall harm thee—
Nothing frighten or alarm thee.
See now the evening's breezes bland
Its young elastic bows expand;

And while no rude discordant sound
Disturbs the heav'nly stillness round,
O listen, and attentive be—
List to a lover's minstrelsey.

No more glows my bosom with hope's cheering beam—
Ah! no, it has faded and darkness is there;
The joy which I knew was, alas! but a dream—
'Tis vanish'd—all vanish'd—dissolv'd into air.

Yet bright was the beam! how enchantingly bright!
Oh! would its delusions again but appear!
But no—never more can I dream with delight
There's a heart in the world to which Edmund is dear.

Yet glows there a dream which I would not forego—
A vision of fancy that's bright to my eyes;
A transport, a rapture, a moment to know
I *was* dear to the soul of the woman I prize.

It is madness to think that this heart must resign
An object of passion, so tenderly dear;
'Tis distraction to feel that a bosom, like mine,
Must for ever relinquish a love so sincere.

For still it is glowing as day's parting beam,
Ere the shades of still ev'ning its lustre obscure;
And though pure are the waves of Evon's clear stream,
No billow it rolls is more chaste or more pure.

Believe, dearest maid! that I speak without art;
My tongue is unpractis'd in flattery's lore;
This warm foolish bosom, this fond doting heart,
Will love thee, till life shall enrapture no more.

While distant I wander may often this truth
Recur to thy mind with reflection at eve;
May'st thou often recall to thy fancy the youth
Who sincerely can love—but can never deceive.

Believe not the falshood which malice may spread;
Nor lend thy chaste ear to what envy may say;
By a rival, with truth, it shall never be said
"The passion of Edmund was swift to decay."

My fancy, enamour'd, pursues thy fair form,
And hangs on thy face when unshadow'd with care,
Depictures the smile which so sweetly can charm,
And the roses which bloom so bewitchingly there.

There's a pureness of soul express'd in thy face—
A sweetness of look which no thought can define;
In thy dear little form there's an eloquent grace,
An air, and a manner peculiarly thine.

The nun's is that look in sad silence seen praying,
The angel's that form and ineffable air;
Like the soft mists of morn o'er vallies seen playing,
On thy bosom of snow is thy light waving hair.

This bosom may often have cause to regret
That a woman so lovely it ever had known;
But it never through life can that woman forget
Who made its affections so early her own.

Remember though fate may compel me to rove
In climes where, alas! no enjoyment I find,
That the image of her whom I tenderly love
Is borne in my heart, and engrav'd on my mind.

Sweet robin, now, O now behold
The moon, with soft majestic grace,
Rise from her splendid couch of gold,
And, blushing, steal o'er heav'n's face;
Reigning in radiance supreme,
She sheds on earth a brilliant beam,
Investing all the solemn scene
Of silent night with look serene;
And o'er the hill, and vale beneath,
The shadowy wood, and barren heath,
The winding stream, and ocean's bound,
With all the slumb'ring world around,
She spreads a tinge of varied hue—
But yet—I cannot bid adieu—
Wait yet awhile—I pray thee wait;
Night still is young—it is not late:
O tarry here till morning dawn,
Then pilgrim-bird thou may'st be gone:

And, shouldst thou wing thy flight the way
Where first shall beam the star of day,
I pray thee, bear with thee along
The way-worn Wanderer's pensive song.

Now the ling'ring night is past,
And day has o'er creation cast,
Lilies ting'd with roses bright,
And the glorious orb of light
Breaks upon the Wand'rer's eye,
Softly flushing all the sky.
Spread thy wings, sweet bird, and glide
Swift to Evon's streamlet's side;
There, within the shaded bower,
Where Licea strays at evening hour,
Warble strains of softest tones,
Low as the wood-dove's plaintive moans.
Repeat the pensive minstrel's lay,
And o'er in dulcet murmurs tell
The grief to which his heart's a prey—
Farewell, love's envoy!—fare thee well.

CANZONET.

FILL high the goblet to the brim,
For, minstrel, now thy joys are dim:
Wine must light thy languid eye,
And chase thy sorrowing bosom's sigh.

Fill, O fill, and quickly pass
Around the board, the circling glass;
For what can like the nectar'd bowl
Awake to joy the slumb'ring soul?—
The soul by ills of life depress'd,
Which wrongs of love have robb'd of rest!
Come, be jocund—wine and mirth
Must give to rapturous feeling birth;
Must chase thy many cares away,
And light thy heart with pleasure's ray.
Banish thought—away with thinking;
'Tis the veriest foe of drinking:
For who, while sense and thought bear sway,
Would drink his precious time away?
And give the festive board and glass
The circling hours, which quickly pass?
Hours, unless made long by grief,
For mortal man too short and brief,

Which shine, then, fading, quick depart,
Like transient joys which thrill the heart.

Away! the thoughtless spell is o'er,
I'll drink of madd'ning wine no more—
The copious draught I find can cloy,
And reason's mild control destroy,
But never, never give me joy.

Away, away! no more I'll prize
The glass within whose bosom lies
Deepest ruin, sure for him
Whose lips shall often greet its brim:
No, no—I ne'er to drown my pain
Will drain the bowl so deep again.

THE

WANDERER'S REBUKE TO MEMORY.

WHERE'ER my lonely course I wind,
Still sorrows haunt my cheerless mind;
And busy memory portrays
The happier hours of other days;
And oft these well-known words I hear,
" Wanderer, say, in one short year
" Have you forgotten friends so dear?
" Companions that are far away;
" The group so innocently gay,
" Where, like a gem in beauty's zone,
" The peerless Licea, matchless, shone.
" 'Mid such as trifling mirth pursue—
" O think of those who think of you."

" Away, intruder, hence," I cry,
" Nor more awake the slumb'ring sigh;
" Thou source of reveries, forbear
" To cheat with dreams that end in care;
" Forbear to bid those visions glow
" Which, fading, leave the heart in woe:
" I hate to think of pleasures gone,
" Which, like the transient breath of morn,

" Or like a woman's lovelier smile,
" Will warm the heart a little while—
" Then leave it at affection's dawn,
" The tender victim of her scorn.
" I hate to think of hours enjoy'd,
" Of raptures felt—of peace destroy'd;
" When those faded hours I mourn,
" Those raptures never to return,
" Oh! if I could, I fain would be
" From ev'ry sad impression free.
" Then say, obtrusive memory, why
" Awake fond recollection's sigh?
" And those departed joys restore
" I trace with tears of sorrow o'er?
" Away then, unrelenting power!
" Let me enjoy the festive hour;
" And while I sip the nectar'd bowl,
" Steep not in maddening griefs my soul;
" But let the wine oblivion prove
" To thee, and all the pangs of love."

AN ALLEGORY.

THE blushing flower that meets my eye
Awakes again the slumb'ring sigh
I hop'd to calm to rest;
For one like this, in Evon's grove,
I gather'd for the nymph I love,
And cradled in my breast.

It sweetly blush'd at infant morn,
A beauteous rose without a thorn
Upon its tender stem;
Until the grove as strolling through,
Fondly enamour'd of its hue,
I stole the glowing gem.

Soon I beheld it droop and die,
Though moisten'd by my tearful eye,
Which oft in pity gave
The withering bud full many a shower,
To save the lovely fading flower
From its untimely grave.

Thus when the tender feeling heart
Is sever'd from its twin apart,

It ceases to be gay;
No friendship can its peace restore—
Its joys, its hopes for ever o'er,
It grieving pines away.

A FRAGMENT.

Oh! how my heart with joy will swell
To hear the evening sigh "farewell,"
Retreating like a bashful maid,
Who fears she has too much betray'd;
And blushing hides her lovely face,
Lest the gazing eye should trace
The sweet expression hovering there,
Which makes her more divinely fair—
Such is the wild bewildering mein
In which retiring eve is seen.

Sweet is the day's declining beam
To hearts indulging passion's dream!
Sweet the last faint hour of light,
To him who loves and wishes night!
When silence sooths the world to sleep,
And dear departed spirits weep
The tears of sympathetic woe,
O'er erring friends they left below!
How sweet 'tis then, supremely sweet!
To think of those we sigh to meet;
Of some kind friend we cherish near;
Some little sister, fondly dear,

On whom the mind delights to dwell;
To list while memory's whispers tell
Many a fond endearment o'er,
Which binds her closer than before—
When beams upon the mental eye
A brother that awakes the sigh;
The fond companion of those days
When artless youth the soul portrays;
And no disguise conceals from view,
The heart of dark unsocial hue;
'Twas then, while yet in boyhood's years,
With all which soul to soul endears,
He shew'd a mind, serenely pure,
With thought to manhood's strength mature;
And like a young aspiring tree,
Which shoots aloft in infancy,
As yet unblighted by the storm,
He grew in manliness of form,
'Till death, before his morn was past,
Came like a cold December blast,
Came, and elanc'd his arrows dread—
And now I mourn a brother dead.

When on my heart, imprinted there,
The best of mother's tender care
More brightly meets affection's eye,
And binds more close the filial tie;
A father too, whose soul can boast
Of all that man should value most;

Of every generous gentle trait—
A mind with noblest thoughts elate;
Whose bosom is a spotless shrine,
Where all the purest virtues shine;
Where honour beams, for ever bright,
As yonder radiant star of light.

When to my fancy I recall
One dearer still—more dear than all;
A lovely and beloved fair
Who fills the heart, is worship'd there—
For whom I oft, while wand'ring, wreath
The fairest flow'rs, and o'er them breathe
The unconscious sigh, which ever flows
At sight of every fading rose,
Lest its transient bloom should prove
A fatal emblem of her love.
How oft ere evening sighs adieu,
While flow'rs still wear their brightest hue,
To shade her polish'd forehead o'er,
And there delicious odours pour,
I cull the fragrant damask pink,
Or wild flower on the streamlet's brink;
With lilies white as unpress'd snow,
And roses of resplendent glow;
Which seem in lustre faint and weak,
Resembled to her fairer cheek;
And fondly twine, and, with a kiss,
I whisper, "go, fair flow'rs, to bliss.

" Go—those silken locks to deck
" Which flow around her parian neck,
" Like shadows waving to and fro
" Over a bright expanse of snow;
" Go—and while her brows you bind,
" Recall the absent youth to mind,
" Whose heart through life will ever be
" A shrine of love and constancy—
" And she (may heav'n forgive the sin!)
" The worship'd saint that dwells within."

No seaman on a leeward shore,
Who trembling wishes night was o'er,
E'er hail'd the dawn with more delight
Than I—the calm approach of night.
Then, like a seer who loves to trace
His fate upon some planet's face,
I scan the starry sphere above
And think of her I fondly love;
And while I read the planets o'er,
I fancy years of bliss in store,
For one, who ever yet has known
Of love—the fears and hopes alone.

TO LICEA'S PICTURE.

WERT thou, sweet picture! semblance just
Of my beloved Licea's face;
And could this doting heart but trust
To what it loves in thee to trace;
And had it ne'er, at moments, seen
That face a look of sadness wear,
When all within hath been serene,
And not a pang of love was there;
Then would I still in hope rely
And be no more the slave of fear—
For here is something in this eye
Which seems to speak a heart sincere;
And in this countenance a cast,
Which seems expressively to say,
"Dear were the hours with him I past—
"With him who now is far away."
But I have often, lovely shade!
Beheld that face in sad array,
In grief apparently array'd,
When all within was light and gay.

TO LICEA.

O LOVELY Licea! if thy heart
  Is now as fondly true as when
Dark fortune sever'd us apart—
  Then I am still most blest of men!

Its kindred heart is still the same—
  As glowing and as true, as then;
As then as warm with passion's flame—
  Or I am, dear! most false of men.

SONNET.

THOUGH I was destin'd, from my earliest day,
The various vicissitudes to prove
Of soul-impassion'd and impatient love;
Yet rather than have never known its sway—
Have felt the goodly passion's sportive play
Wild in the warm recesses of my heart,
I would have welcom'd those of tenfold smart.
For, when the blissful moments I survey,
In which its luscious fruits I richly reap,
A counterpoise to all complaints appears;
In gratitude I own its pleasures cheap—
Confess—though often sprinkled with alloy—
Cherish'd with sighs, and foster'd with my tears,
Love has a harvest of delicious joy.

* * * * * *

As when a hind whom pity ne'er did sway,
With ruffian hand, and ruthless mind elate,
Tears, with a savage cruelty, away
A struggling victim from its pleading mate;

So did the deadly foe my soul abhors
(Oh! where was then thy wrath, mysterious heav'n?)
Tear from my bleeding bosom, without cause,
Her whom, when nature slumber'd, he had giv'n.

So did his arm, exulting in the deed,
Tear the sweet innocent from my fond breast;
And cause, with agonizing wound, to bleed
The heart, which tenderest love before had blest!

SONNET.

Ye green-rob'd banks, o'er which, in musing mood,
At summer's twilight I delight to stray!
Ye babbling echoes of the lonely wood,
Responsive murm'ring to my love-lorn lay!

O fare ye well! thou silver stream, farewell!
No more thy waves that kiss the sunny shore
Shall drink my tears—my sighs no more shall swell
The balmy airs that steal thy bosom o'er.

If this warm heart hath ever breath'd a sigh—
These eyes have swell'd thy current with my tears—
Witness, dear stream! along whose banks I rove,
Witness how fast they fall—when forc'd to fly
To leave the scenes of youth's sweet halcyon years,
Where first my heart receiv'd the seeds of love.

SONNET.

WHEN from my breast, a monster in disguise,
Whose heart nor love, nor pity, e'er did move,
Tore the sweet object of my first-born love;
Regardless of her tears and piteous sighs,
To all her tender melting pleadings deaf—
Why did not heav'n the heartless savage stay—
Nor from this bosom, motionless in grief,
Behold her torn in agony away?
Oh! if there be a just all-seeing pow'r,
Why was not vengeance hurl'd upon his head?
Why in that fatal, ne'er-forgotten, hour,
Did conscience slumber? nor the villain find
His arm unnerv'd by that internal dread,
Which makes a coward of the guilty mind?

SONNET.

Come, gentle sleep! assist me to subdue
The woes which nestle in this bleeding heart;
Come, gentle sleep! I have no friend but you—
Or will you act inconstant friendship's part?
A wretched wanderer, wearied and oppress'd,
Stern fate to me the joys of life denies;
Love holds his tyrant empire in my breast—
Yet all I know of love is tears and sighs.
Come, balmy solace of the lover's pain!
Console my heart, and bid its tumults cease;
O let my troubled bosom know, again,
One fleeting night of rest and blisaful peace;

Come, wave your pinions o'er this couch of woe,
And let my dreams with lovely Licea glow.

TO LICEA.

I saw two buds, the valley's pride,
Steal into bloom with glowing morn—
One, ev'ry blushing flow'r outvied,
Which did the vest of spring adorn.

I saw a youth of cruel heart,
As though some sportive scheme to try,
Tear the entwining gems apart,
Regardless of fond nature's tie.

He left one on its native spray;
One distant from the vale he bore;
Robb'd of its twin, this pines away—
That blooms in freshness as before.

Thus did the fates unkind decree
In love our infant hearts dissever—
The blooming rose resembles thee,
And thou, like it, art gay as ever.

And so the other emblems me;
Like it's will prove my early doom;
Untimely death the lot will be
Of him whose heart hath lost its bloom.

* * * * *

If in man's affairs there be
A tide which ebbs to misery;
And one which flows, with rival force,
Splendid as Sol's diurnal course;
Whose devious path the fates decreed
Should on to fortune's summit lead;
O'er which the goddess, fair and bright,
Has shed her golden beams of light—
Oh! then, 'tis my dark lot to know
I float the one which ebbs to woe.

Could I but take the flowing tide,
Fair Fortune's flood, and safely glide,
Serenely, through life's giddy round,
Until arriv'd where all are bound;
To those ethereal realms above
Where bloom eternal joy and love;
Then from the book of life where's wrote
Full many a dark and gloomy note
I'd quickly blot the past from view,
And then would write the notes anew.

Like the successful ship that sails
O'er summer seas, with prosp'rous gales,

With ocean smooth, and prospect bright,
I'd keep my reck'ning, and would write;
" Along th' unruffled tide of truth,
" Floats the adventurous bark of youth,
" In quest of joy—his sails unfurl'd—
" His voyage, steer'd by hope, the world.
" No clouds the morning sky obscure;
" Fair is the warm meridian hour;
" No tempests rise at days decline,
" The golden sun is seen to shine,
" To smile upon mild evening's close,
" As when at morn he cloudless rose.
" Impell'd by fortune's fav'ring breeze,
" The vessel skims life's boist'rous seas,
" As though the voyage were a dream
" And life's rude sea, a placid stream."

Thus through life I fain would run
Until my fleeting days are done;
Then like the crimson fires which hide
Beneath the waves at evening's tide;
Which sparkle on the briny deep,
Which glitt'ring fade, then sink to sleep.
Fain would I, dying, sink to rest,
To rise and be with Licea blest,
Oh! heav'nly thought! with her to be
Blest with immortality!

THE EXILE.

No more is seen the glowing smile of day;
Night on her sable wing winds on her way;
Thick in her track, in many a ghastly guise,
To mis'ry's eye a thousand phantoms rise:
No friendly stars their languid lustres lend,
To cheer the trav'ller, and his steps befriend;
No kindly moon the fancy to employ,
In sweet remembrance of departed joy;
Sad silence, seated on her ebon throne,
In triumph makes the tranquil hour her own;
Breathes o'er the world, in ev'ry balmy breath,
The pensive stillness of dissolving death.
Save the soft moanings of the night-bird's wail,
Borne on the bosom of the sighing gale,
All, all is still—the busy world of care
Hears not the mirth that lately revel'd there—
Still is the murmur of the workman's din;
No tumults reign save those I feel within:—
In my sad bosom love, transcendent, glows—
Robb'd of its raptures, mine are all its woes;
Mine are its pangs, its jealousies and fears,
Its anxious wishes, its desponding tears.

Adieu! ye sons of mirth—ye jovial throng!
To crown the bowl, and greet the festive song,
No more my face the smile of joy assumes—
For joy alas! no more within illumes;
Yet where's the beam, that has been wont to light
This darken'd heart—the tomb of dear delight?
Where now ambition—that ennobling flame?
But what is glory—what the soldier's fame?
Or what is pleasure's, what is fashion's boast,
(Names which the airy worldling values most)
To him who sighs his youthful hours away—
Who hates the night, and welcomes not the day?

The clarion's sound, once music to my ear,
No more with high-elated soul I hear;
No deeds of warfare can my bosom fire:
Dead is each wish ambition did inspire;
No thirst of glory now can nerve my mind,
Though once the wreath of fame my brow entwin'd;
When, with an ardour which no longer glows,
In battle I have sought my country's foes;
Have met the savage when with wounds enrag'd,
When man with man was arm to arm engag'd.
But deeds of arms inflame my breast no more—
The love of fame—of martial pomp is o'er;
They ne'er, I fear, can wake this heart again,
Which lost to peace, can scarce itself sustain.

When from his couch of peace, with air sublime,
The guardian genius of our happy clime
Arose, and bade the gallant Preble lead
His fearless sons, in honour's cause to bleed—
Call'd on the best, and noblest of the brave
To bear his starry standard o'er the wave.
Though then a youth, each pulse beat high for fame,
And throbb'd ambitious of a soldier's name—
Inspir'd a wish war's dangerous chance to dare,
To follow Preble, and his fortunes share—
To follow him who, ever undismay'd,
The patriot's brightest character display'd—
Whom virtue guided to her goodly end;
Who to the friendless was a feeling friend;
A man my humble muse may proudly praise—
Well I remember those departed days,
Whose dear events fond mem'ry would prolong,
When he, with pleasure, read her artless song.
Unsullied honour beam'd his polar star—
While form'd from valour for the deeds of war,
He in the mild and gentler feelings shone,
Was lov'd for these—yet not for these alone,
Rich in that worth which virtue loves to scan,
He was possest of all that marks the man.

If, in dark envy, any should exclaim,
Had he so much to praise and nought to blame?
Was he a being wholly free from stain
Of faults to shade? To such be this my strain—

If faults he had, they were, indeed, so few,
So veil'd by virtues of such lovely hue,
So lost in excellence, that envy's eye
As well might seek for blemish in the sky
At morn, when all is raptur'd with its light—
At dazzling noon—or more expressive night,
When gems of richest radiance appear
Like diamonds, scatter'd o'er the crystal sphere.
With all the graces of a cultur'd mind,
In union with a heart benignly kind,
Which for the woes of others keenly felt;
Within his gen'rous bosom proudly dwelt
The truest index of a noble soul—
Ambition's impulse, restless 'neath control;
Which urg'd him to attempt the steep of fame—
To glory's roll to add another name—
To build a noble fabric of renown,
And tear from Afric's brow the laurel crown.

Fair Licea, then, by warm affection mine—
By those sweet ties which love alone can twine—
Ties, I am sure she never will disown,
I thus address'd—and made my wishes known—
" O where is he, whom bright examples fire,
" Whom honour, fame, and love of right inspire;
" To whom the noble name of man belongs,
" With heart to feel his own, and country's wrongs,
" Can hear—a stranger to resentment's glow—
" Of insults, offer'd by a treach'rous foe;

" Nor fly to arms? nor loose the swelling sail,
" Buffet the ocean, and the ruder gale;
" Brave the dread battle, where bright honour's bed
" Triumphant opens to the glorious dead.
" The call of duty ne'er shall meet my ear,
" When to my soul my country is not dear—
" When, before all attachments, I may boast
" It is not first—it is not valu'd most—
" This day beholds me quit my native shore
" For Afric's coast, where patriots proudly pour;
" Where fearless Preble, with avenging hand,
" Leads on, the foremost of the chosen band.

" Wear not, my gentle fair! that look of woe,
" Why should thy tears in bitter anguish flow?
" Why to unman me do those sorrows steal?
" Why with thy sighs reprove the warmth I feel?
" Why my intent, with mute reproaches, blame?
" Oh! think how sacred is my country's claim!
" Think, lovely Licea, while, with manly zeal,
" Others shall draw the delegated steel,
" Shall wake to honour's animating call,
" Ready with life, and with their little all,
" Launch their advent'rous barks, and boldly brave
" The ang'ry tempest, and the threat'ning wave;
" While Preble, Rodgers, and Decatur fly,
" Leave those endear'd by love's celestial tie;
" And in the day of fearful fight and toil,
" More rich in brilliant glory than in spoil,

" With valour's noblest effort shall contend
" For honour's brightest palm—and to defend
" Our spreading commerce from a plund'ring foe—
" That I the call in indolence forego!
" That I alone of all the naval train,
" Deaf to my country's call, behind remain!
" Thy tender self would, justly, scorn the heart
" That could, inglorious, act so base a part:
" Think how such conduct would the man proclaim
" Unworthy of a patriot's sacred name!
" Think how such conduct would thy Edmund prove
" Unworthy of the sweet reward of love!
" For who can more—who less deserve the fair—
" The brave? or they who fear the fight to dare?
" Dispel, I pray thee, all foreboding fear—
" Indulge not grief—let hope chase ev'ry tear—
" The God who rules in heav'n!—who sees and knows
" How this fond heart with pure affection glows—
" The God who governs with supernal pow'r!
" Whose eye beholds us in this parting hour,
" For thee will long the faithful lover spare—
" Will long preserve him from war's wily snare.
" Oh! let the thought, "we soon shall meet again,"
" Sooth thy soft bosom, and its woes restrain;
" For those, by nature's ligaments allied,
" Time cannot sunder, nor dark fate divide.

" With joy in heart, and peace upon my brow,
" As warm in glowing tenderness as now,

" Soon, to his native clime, will fate restore
" The youth who loves as he doth heav'n adore,
" Prov'd by the test of constancy and truth,
" More worthy of thy excellence and worth.
" Each bark that sails from Afric's clime shal bear
" Some tidings dearly grateful to thy ear;
" Some letter glowing with such vows of love,
" As shall at once all brooding fears remove;
" Dispel dark cares within thy gentle breast—
" Hush ev'ry rude inquietude to rest—
" Convince thy mind, at ev'ry fond review,
" Wherever driven, still I'm warmly true:
" Prove, beyond doubt, by strong conviction's aid,
" The truth of declarations often made,
" That love like mine, so true, so warm, so pure,
" Will pure, will true, will warm, till death endure:
" Each breathing sentence shall confirm it so—
" Warm from my heart each sentiment shall flow.
" Farewell, dear girl!—yet bless me ere I go—
" Give me thy wishes, and one kiss bestow—
" One tender kiss—the lover's parting right—
" O heav'n! how hard to sever in delight!"

" And must we part," the mourning fair one said,
While ev'ry word her rending griefs betray'd—
" And must we part?—then grant, ye pow'rs that reign
" Supreme above! to give me back again
" (When wreaths of peace shall twine Columbia's brow)
" My Edmund, rich in tenderness as now:

" Farewel! fond youth—let not my griefs detain—
" When honour calls, he should not call in vain.
" This heart so sunk shall mount on hope's light wing
" To view the joys which future days may bring—
" The cheish'd thought, " we soon again shall meet,"
" Time of its weary heaviness shall cheat—
" Shall sweetly comfort when no more I hear
" Thy melting voice—when thou no more art near—
" Then go, my Edmund, and no more essay
" To sooth my sadness, which must have its way—
" No more the wild expression of my woes,
" Too daring Edmund! shall thy wish oppose.
" Then go—nor be by woman's terrors led,
" By pleading sighs, by tears in weakness shed,
" To yield to pity that which should be first
" With ev'ry patriot, faithful to his trust—
" No—ev'ry wish and effort I disdain,
" To keep thee from the deep's embattled plain,
" Where fame allures, and Preble has unfurl'd
" The starry banner of the western world;
" Where, 'neath the influence of some kindly star,
" Thy bark shall shine distinguish'd in the war,
" Escape the dangerous devastating blast,
" And to its native clime return at last;
" When wars terrific frown is felt no more,
" And peace shall smile again o'er Afric's shore,
" Bearing the olive, like the welcome dove,
" To Licea, Edmund, and the bliss of love.

" Go—honour's and thy country's call obey,
" The path of danger is bright glory's way.
" May fortune's smiles thy devious course attend,
" Be virtue thy support, and heav'n thy friend.
" Yet, my beloved, ere thou goest, receive
" The vows I'll breathe, at ev'ry coming eve,
" Warm from a heart incapable of change,
" Which thy estrangement only can estrange;
" This, in the fervency of truth, I swear:
" Witness, ye pow'rs! who make sweet truth your care!
" Witness my words, ye listening saints above!
" No other youth will my fond heart approve;
" No other image will that heart inshrine,
" None will it cherish—none hold dear but thine;
" Through night, through day, my thoughts with thee shall be,
" Where'er thou rovest, there I'll rove with thee;
" Will fondly follow, and, for ever nigh,
" Will watch thee with my mind's enamour'd eye,
" Proving in absence few can love like me
" With greater ardour or more constancy."
What language lack'd, her sadden'd looks express'd,
For they make known our parting feelings best.

That day beheld me quit my native shore
Ne'er to return—to hail my home no more;
'Till madd'ning war's tumultuous din should cease
And Vict'ry crown Columbia's arms with peace.

Three years I pass'd beneath scorch'd Afric's sun,
With Preble fought, and Preble's favour won;
I gain'd the meed of brave Decatur's praise,
(Still round my heart the dear remembrance plays)
The boldest warrior in the cause engag'd,
Best known where most the dreadful battle rag'd.
The nerve of war—the terror of the foe,
Such was he call'd, and truth proclaim'd him so.
Who but remembers his illustrious name!
Rich in his country's love from war he came;
Yet, ere the modest victor did appear,
Deeds, which had made him to his country dear,
Resounded through our clime, from shore to shore,
And praise felt pleasure as she told them o'er.
Nor yet to home alone did grateful fame
The noble actions of the man proclaim,
She fondly spread them from where Sol's first beam
Essays to chase the slumberer's morning dream,
To where, at setting hour, his feeble ray
Dim in the west is seen to fade away.

When cheerful Peace came smiling from her grove
In hand with Conquest bearing wreaths she wove
Of laurel, twining with the olive bough,
And with them bound Columbia's halcyon brow,
O'er ev'ry scheme a love of home prevail'd,
Nor was I happy till that home I hail'd;
Until again my native shores I prest,
By wisest laws and pure religion blest;

Where godlike nature, with the light of truth,
Instructs in freedom's rights Columbia's youth;
Where justice rules, and ev'ry man can feel
An equal int'rest in the public weal.

To home by kindly heav'n again restor'd,
Blest with the smiles of her my soul ador'd,
I strung my lyre—to war its song I gave,
The scene of conflict, and the fallen brave.
Yes, oft I breath'd the tributary strain
To those whom fate had number'd with the slain;
To him who, dauntless in the glorious cause,
Sought amid shouts and music of huzzas,
The din of battle, and its rude alarms,
Immortal glory in death's icy arms:*
To him, a doting father's only child,
Of manly person, and of temper mild,
Regretted Dorsey—whose pure mind was fraught
With all the worth of elevated thought.
He was, indeed, a soul endearing youth;
His heart was kindness, and his tongue was truth;
Yet what were all the beauties of his mind,
His manners so engaging and refin'd,
But blooms, which op'ning to the early day,
Were chas'd, ere noon-tide, by the blast away?
To him, who shone like Hesper on the wave,
The valiant Wadsworth—not less good than brave.

* Lieutenant Caldwell.

To Israel lamented—and to him
Who rose a meteor o'er the ocean's brim,
The brave Decatur! many a muse's theme.
And him, though last, not least in my esteem,
Whose bark, like Neptune's desolating car,
Appear'd the light'ning mid the storm of war,
Somers—undaunted in the embattled plain,
Too proud to wear the captive's servile chain,
Preferring death to slav'ry's hateful doom,
The briny billow's bosom for his tomb,
By one bold action, worthy of a god,
An action nobler numbers will record,
Which love of country only could inspire.
His bark enwrap'd in one o'erwhelming fire;
And to his native home, that happy shore,
Where friend meets friend in bliss, to part no more;
Where joys eternal bloom in endless day,
Like some resplendent star he wing'd his way;
There hosts of spirits hail'd him with acclaim
And heav'n re-echoed with the hero's name.
But dear to mem'ry—dearer far than all,
Was Caldwell—destin'd by my side to fall.
Where will the lonely wanderer ever meet
A heart so tender, and a tongue so sweet?
Where find the kindred friend in him he lost!—
When by the ills and frowns of fortune cross'd,
He could with sympathy assuage the smart,
And sooth, with honied tenderness, the heart—

Pour in each bleeding wound a healing balm,
And keen misfortune of its sting disarm.
Sad was the moment which beheld us part;
I felt the bitter tear of sorrow start;
Nor had I pow'r to check it as it stole—
The word, "farewell," had melted all my soul;
Ere to his parting voice I could reply,
Dim was the kindling lustre of his eye,
Cold was the breast, so late with friendship warm—
Mute was his lip, and motionless his arm.

Such were my themes, with those more light and gay,
For, love rewarded, oft employ'd my lay—
No guardian, callous to the voice of shame,
Made, then, the ruin of my peace his aim;
Fair Licea, too, more fond, more warmly glow'd—
Absence a fervent ardour had bestow'd—
Perhaps 'twas fancy, yet I thought a charm,
Unfelt before, now play'd about her form;
Oft does my eye that nameless something trace—
Warm in the picture of imagin'd grace—
Which like enchantment, through her manner stole—
The melting softness of her pensive soul.
Yes—oft I sung, with elevated heart,
The bliss which mutual fondness can impart;
For many a rapturous throb of joy I owe,
And many a moment of poetic glow,
To the endearments of requited love—
All here desir'd—all I can wish above.

Alas! how chang'd the heart so richly blest!
How chang'd are all the feelings of my breast!
That heart, once happy is no longer so;
Those raptur'd feelings feed a secret woe;
No joys illumine, and no pleasures beam—
All now is sadness—all a blank would seem:
No more to me the festive board is dear—
The sons of mirth like folly's sons appear;
No more I quaff the kindly bowl, and sing
The joys which from its sparkling nectar spring—
No more the muse makes glorious war her theme—
No more she sings of pleasure's airy dream—
No more in sprightly notes of festive joy;
No themes attractive now her songs employ.
No glow of merriment inspires her song;
She sings of sorrow, and envenom'd wrong,
Which fate with my unhappy lot has wove—
Of pangs I feel—of those I yet may prove—
A lover torn, by destiny severe,
From all my soul adores and prizes dear.

When two twin blossoms, which have bloom'd together,
By some rude hand are sever'd from each other,
One blooms yet fair, while fast the other fades;
Its leaves, ere long, death's pallid hue invades;
Like these two buds our infant hearts were join'd,
And like their kindred stems were intertwin'd—
And still like those they seem when torn apart;
As blights the one, so pines, alone, my heart.

Oh! where the joys in happier days I knew!
My native vales, once pleasing to my view,
Though once my boast, now charm the eye no more;
Scenes so endear'd I now in tears deplore.
Alas! those joys like summer smiles are fled!
Those fairy scenes to me are ever dead!
No more adown the streamlet's side I stray,
Nor from its banks the playful wave survey,
Where oft, reclin'd beneath some shady pine,
I've, musing, watch'd the vernal day's decline—
Beheld the moon her first bright beam unfold,
When from her dewy couch, enrob'd with gold,
She, sweetly soaring in fair beauty's pride,
Woo'd, with her smiles, the fond enamour'd tide.
Yet why, sad muse! of pleasures fled complain?
Why on enjoyments past bestow thy strain?
Dejected muse! thy plainings all are vain,
They cannot lure the mind's content again—
Ah! why then turn to scan the moments o'er,
Which ne'er can rapture and delight thee more?

Ye ling'ring hours, which moody woes invest,
A friend once gladden'd, and a nymph once blest—
In whose slow round, I, pensively, survey
The cherish'd griefs of each returning day!
Ye hours! in which prophetic fears explore
Unnumber'd sorrows—griefs recurring o'er,
And dark repinings, which, unpitied prove
The offspring ills of disappointed love—

In which, full oft, doth busy mem'ry cast
Her eye reverted o'er enjoyments past,
Which, like the sun beams, wing'd their rapid flight,
And left the heart one long and dismal night—
Move not with slow and leaden pace away!—
Oh! speed your flight—haste—bring the welcome day,
When, all my griefs forgotten, I begin
By cheerful lays the poet's meed to win;
When Licea's kindness shall awake again
Peace in each thought, and music in each strain;
Sooth my sad bosom, and its calm restore;
Bid on the wing of hope each feeling soar;
Chase with fond pity all the past from view;
Bless with her smiles, and wake to bliss anew.

O love, what joys, what keen regrets are thine!
What pow'r of fancy can thy ways define!
Or paint the wild emotions of the heart,
That's lesson'd, young, in thy mysterious art!
Known but to few is thy seraphic flame!
Feelings impure too oft receive thy name,
And vows, imbu'd with falsehoods deepest stain,
Insult thy altars, and thy shrines profane.
Ah! mark how few, in sacred wedlock found,
Alone by thy ennobling dictates bound!
I blush to think how many, who pretend
To feel within their breasts thy flame ascend,
Are wholly strangers to the chasten'd glow
Of joys which from thy inspirations flow!

Who, from the meanest and most sordid views,
To plans of av'rice all thy rights abuse;
To basest schemes, thy hallow'd name impart,
And wed, without an union of the heart.
How often unpropitiating fate
Withholds affection from the marriage state!
I blush to think it—yet how few they seem
Who feel without alloy thy warmth supreme!

* * * * * *

Such as can give a purity divine
To ev'ry wish, and ev'ry thought refine!
The noblest pulses of the soul excite,
Awaken virtues, and with them delight;
Breathe o'er the frame its influence benign,
Warm in the look, and in each action shine:
Such as can mutual sympathies inspire
In bosoms glowing with congenial fire,
Where two from sweet similitude are form'd
To be at sight reciprocally warm'd,
To feel alike inthrall'd, yet know not why
Unconsciously should rise the secret sigh:
With new-born feelings each fond breast is fraught—
They speak—to breath an unison of thought.
'Tis kindred nature here that wakes the flame;
'Tis felt at sight, in each fond heart the same.
Fann'd by a look, a tender glance, a smile,
A doubtful word, or some endearing wile,
Some valu'd pledge, when fates compel to part,
Some worship'd image, graven in the heart;

Perhaps some token dearer than the rest,
Oft to the lips in silent rapture prest;
A parting gift, embalm'd with sorrow's tear,
The priz'd memorial of a love sincere;
Such as to dreary exile I have borne—
Which while I wander through the world forlorn,
And o'er the ocean urge my devious way,
A prey to griefs no absence can allay,
Often reflects, on fancy's painted wing,
Joys which have fled and left the heart a sting;
Often presents to mem'ry's mournful eye
Departed moments which awake the sigh;
Recalls my home—by that sweet name endear'd—
Where boyhood first ideal castles rear'd,
And plan'd for manhood many an airy scheme,
Alas! the phantoms of an idle dream!

How oft at evening or at midnight hour,
As the fond miser trembling for his store,
With fear I search my little casket o'er,
And when I find each cherish'd pledge secure,
A thousand raptures range my humble heart,
And pure emotions sweetest joys impart.
Oft when dark clouds the midnight skies deform,
And sailors watch the terrifying storm;
When angry lightnings through the heav'ns fly,
Gleam through the air—flash on th' affrighted eye;
When distant thunders, through the rising gale,
In awful peals, the startled ear assail,

And angry waves, with rude impetuous force,
Impel us, wayward, from our destin'd course;
Lost to control, her sails and cordage torn,
The lab'ring bark on mountain-billows borne;
Thoughtful I sit, immers'd in dreams profound,
Nor heed the storm, nor dangers that surround,
For all my thoughts these precious pledges share.
Possess'd of these dear objects of my care,
The winds may howl, and yet no dread create;
The storm may madden, or it may abate;
To me, alike the tempest and the calm,
No sun can gladden, and no storm alarm.
My mind from these no changes can decoy,
Gifts of her love, and sources of my joy;
Which from the casket, unobserv'd, I steal,
Kiss each by turns, and feel what few can feel;
For few, perhaps, can value what I prize—
Yet, let the vot'ry of the world despise
The little gifts expressive of regard,
And, such possessing, them with scorn discard;
I have a heart that can esteem them dear,
Though worldlings laugh, and think I weak appear.
This auburn lock no lips but mine has blest,
Thus do I think, and in the thought am blest;
For much of all our happiness depends
On hues which fancy's fairy pencil lends.
Did ev'ry lover in his bosom wear,
Like me, a ringlet of her beauteous hair,

How small the value of this silken tress,
Or any treasur'd token I possess?
For when the flatt'ring certainty is o'er,
That none beside can boast what I adore,
The fond idea, the delusive thought,
That ev'ry trifle with a value fraught,
For ever fled, would that sweet spell remove,
Which gave them worth, and made them dear to love.
But with the hope that they alone are mine—
A hope I'd not for worlds of ealth resign—
They oft enrapture my insatiate eyes;
I gaze and view them as endearing ties,
As precious links in warm affection's chain,
As mirrors which reflect past joys again.
But, when to home they lead my mental eye,
My dreams of bliss, my fancied pleasures fly;
For far is home, and distant is the day,
When I again shall Evon stream survey!
Alas! far distant are the joyful hours
That see me wander Verne's delicious bow'rs;
That see me happy in the hallow'd grove,
Where first I met the object of my love!

When I beheld those scenes, I little thought
How very dear the pleasure would be bought:
Little imagin'd when I fondly hung,
With transport, o'er the banks so often sung—
Stray'd by the gliding streamlet, and survey'd
Its am'rous windings with the fragrant glade,

And there, at silent evening, bidden, stole
To meet the lovely mistress of my soul—
That from them exil'd, I should leave behind,
Whole ling'ring years, tranquillity of mind!

When first involv'd in love's ensnaring maze,
Peace smil'd, benignly, on the passing days;
The paths I rov'd were strew'd with fairest flow'rs;
The sun, unclouded, gilded all my hours,
Which seem'd too fleeting, and appear'd too few,
For all I felt, and all my bosom knew:
Ah! what reverse! they slowly creep away—
And ev'ry moment seems a tedious day!

CANTO SECOND.

'Twas blushing May, the fairest month in spring,
When first I saw the beauteous maid I sing;
At closing day, when Sol's departing beam
Play'd in soft dalliance on the am'rous stream,
And sunk in slumber 'neath the silver wave
Whose crystal sprays the bending willows lave;
No gath'ring glooms obscur'd the twilight sky—
All nature still—no gale was heard to sigh—
Save the gay shepherd's sweetly simple chant
With which he blithely cheer'd his peaceful haunt,
No sound throughout the tranquil grove was heard
To drown the carols of the evening bird;

Gay nymphs and swains, in innocence, were seen
Together straying on the hamlet's green;
Their warm affection was with warmth return'd—
No tender heart with lonely sadness burn'd;
Requited fondness crown'd their toil through day;
They hail'd the morn as cheerful as its ray,
And met, at eve, by no dark cares pursued,
With love rewarded, and with concord blest'd—
Ah! how delightful was a time like this,
When peace converted ev'ry thought to bliss!

Like one who turns in reverie to cast
A farewell glance o'er days of pleasure past,
And forward looks, attempting to explore,
In life's fair volume, brighter days in store,
My mind would often, with creative eye,
From past—from present—to the future fly;
Yet little did I think such misery,
Such days of sorrow, were in store for me.

Oh! why did fate the lovely Licen place
Within the limits of my eyes embrace?
Why did I gaze?—poor simple youth was I—
And why pursue what prudence bade me fly?
Alas! it was enchantment that beguil'd
The mind of freedom's fascinated child,
Unlesson'd yet in disappointment's smart—
In pangs that rankle in the lover's heart.—

Whose breast no guilty passion could subdue,
Which to maternal nature warmly true,
Shrank not from love, when beauty forg'd the chain,
Nor strove one pulse of fondness to restrain.

Oh! why, alas! was it dark fate's decree—
Why was the bitter lot awarded me,
To bear within the breast, where peace enthron'd
Smil'd on each morn, and ev'ry evening crown'd—
A hopeless passion—whose perverting pow'r
Shades ev'ry scene, and darkens ev'ry hour?
Which neither time, nor absence, can remove—
Or rather why, inhuman foe to love,
Dost thou, with savage cruelty, divide
Two souls, by nature's gentlest ties allied?
Two blameless victims of thy shameless art—
For which I hate thee, and detest thy heart.

When passion sways the inexperienced breast,
The voice of weaken'd reason is suppress'd;
Her guiding dictates fondly prompt in vain—
Tumultuous feelings in rude triumph reign—
They glow—they burn—and with a furtive spell,
Touch ev'ry pulse to riot and rebel:
'Tis then we find how feeble her control—
How weak her pow'r to rule the frenzied soul.
Who can persuade the troubled sea to rest?
Who the dire tempest of its rage divest?

Charm'd with the eloquence of one so young,
Entranc'd I gaz'd, and on each accent hung;
Enslav'd by beauty whose retentive pow'r
In chains has ever held me since that hour.

As when a mother first can fondly trace
The smile which lights her cherub infant's face;
Then, swiftly flying on the wing of time,
She views him ripen'd into manhood's prime;
Nor thinks, while in the dream she finds delight,
Buds of sweet promise oft are first to blight—
So, while enraptur'd with the blushing maid,
I all the homage of devotion paid,
And felt within the warm ethereal glow,
Which 'twas ordain'd this foolish heart should know,
My fancy led through each progressive stage
Of youthful love, until matur'd by age:
I saw no sorrows in the coming day;
The many griefs the brightest joys convey
Were all conceal'd—all hidden from my view;
My future prospects were of golden hue.
Thus one who views a picture well portray'd,
Which with its light, has too its side of shade,
Caught by the part which seems most dazzling bright
The shade escapes—he views alone the light.

When passion first within my breast revolv'd
To fly the maid would prudence had resolv'd!—

But on the waves of frenzied feeling tost,
Prudence was wreck'd—all, all but love was lost:
When he assumes the empire of the soul,
Weak is our contest with his strong control;
Within the breast where he is known to reign,
There should sweet hope an equal pow'r sustain—
But when the first, as I have known it prove,
Outlives the last, what misery is love!

Where shall I fly to gain my lost repose?
Could absence from their cause assuage my woes,
Then this wide sea—the waves that roll between
My nymph and me—the miles that intervene—
Had, long ere this, my gloomy heart releas'd
From all its pangs which seem by these increas'd—
But this vast sea—yea, Neptune's wide domain
May roll between us—yet for me in vain—
If woes remain, while passion sways the soul
Then swell, ye waves!—ye briny oceans! roll—
For with my ev'ry fibre fate has wove—
With ev'ry heart-string—ties of warmest love.

Licea couldst thou in this sad moment view
Thy Edmund's grief, and but his sorrows know—
Couldst thou now see thy once contented friend,
The keenest sorrows would thy bosom rend.
Thou would, in tears of gen'rous pity, mourn
The pangs by which his bleeding heart is torn,

Which spring from woes thou surely must disclaim,
The poison'd poignard of thy guardian's aim—
Who, with a murd'rous and designing art,
Join'd, but to sever cruelly apart—
Who, to compassion's tender influence steel'd,
Has, even now, perhaps, thy ruin seal'd—
Forc'd thee to wed where happiness is not—
Oh! wretched thought! but far more wretched lot!
Yet how could all thy boasted firmness fail?
How could his curs'd detested views prevail?
That boasted firmness lost!—could not disdain
Deter my rival from the sacred fane?
Could he, with scorn so strong, so mark'd, as thine
Stain with thy heartless vows sweet hymen's shrine?
Ignoble man! degraded and debas'd!
How hast thou nature, and thyself disgrac'd!
Yet heav'n can not so foul a deed approve,
It sure will punish such contempt of love.

Alas! I dream—it cannot, must not be;—
A rival's wife!—for ever lost to me!
No—sooner would the timid flow'r expand
Torn in its blossom by some rustic hand,
Its infant blooms upon the rugged breast,
On which, to droop, 'tis fated to be prest,
Than thou'dst consent to be the bride of one,
Who chas'd thy peace, and Edmund has undone.
'Tis fancy's phantoms that distract my mind,
Thou art not yet to wretchedness consign'd;

Thy scorn, unshaken, will my rival awe
Thy firmness check the one I more abhor.
Hope, to this thought, for refuge fondly flies,
And strives to smile, mid glooms and fears that rise.
Such fears as rend an anxious mother's breast,
When first she leaves her pledge of love to rest;
And thinks (O Heav'n! 'tis thought in grief too deep!)
That death may snatch it while repos'd in sleep;
While lost in sadness, o'er the babe she hangs,
Feebly her tears express her inward pangs.
So when, in absence, I indulge the fear
That fate may rob me of the nymph most dear,
My aching bosom swells with sorrow's sigh,
The frequent tear steals, mournful, to my eye.
Yet sighs, and soul-born tears that ever flow,
Are faint expressions of my bitter woe.

Ye gales, which steal these liquid plains along,
Bear on your wings, to Licea's ear, my song.
Tell her, while far I wander o'er the deep,
And through the night my anxious vigils keep;
When silence reigns throughout the nightly round,
And sleep hath seal'd each eye in rest profound;
While recollections of the past arise,
As to fair heav'n I turn to her my eyes;
Dwell on the hours of happiness I knew
When she and fortune favour'd ev'ry view.
Recall those moments of delightful hue
Which saw us fondly meet at day's adieu.

O speed your flight, ye winds, that lightly sweep
The glassy bosom of the faithless deep!
Go—tell the absent mistress of my heart,
(Who by that name will reign till life depart)
How oft to her my hallow'd vows respire!
How oft to her I wake my plaintive lyre!
How oft to unaffected artless woe,
My songs, unstudied, and unpolish'd, flow!
Tell her the anguish I am doom'd to feel;
My dying hopes, and living fears reveal;
The secret sorrows of my soul disclose,
And wake compassion for a lover's woes.
Yet stay, ye gales! O bear not hence, I pray,
The sighs that steal with ev'ry breath away.
Give back the plaints which now thy whisp'rings swell,
Bear not one murmur, nor one sorrow tell;
Ne'er will I wake within her gentle breast
The pangs which time may now have sooth'd to rest.

But oh! what means this jealousy severe?
Why do I fancy, in gay pleasure's sphere,
Licea, inconstant, thinks no more of me,
Forgets her vows, and laughs at constancy?
Why in my mind do these suspicions rise?
With gracious aspect, and with sprightly guise
In fashion's varying circles she is seen,
Like beauty, clad in pleasure's airy mien,
Gay as the rose that wooes the summer gale,
Fond youths surround her, and her sighs inhale;

Where'er she moves, there they enamour'd fly,
Collect in groups and there fix envy's eye;
For maids less fair, who view the votive throng,
Slight all her charms—yet sigh for that they wrong.
Some are attentive from the goodly view
Of paying lovely merit all its due.
Others, from motives worthy of disdain,
To seem a fav'rite in her subject train.
These eye her form with admiration's gaze,
Pour in her ear an adulated praise;
Deceive with falsehood, and those smiles obtain,
Which once was mine—but now are flatt'ry's gain.

Adown the dance I see her sprightly glide,
Peerless in motion, and the ball-room's pride;
Her train of trifling lovers flutter near,
To pay their homage, and distinction share;
She fain on each would cast a tender smile,
Be gay with all, and ev'ry youth beguile,
But sense of right, and fear of wrong restrain,
Though in her heart the love of conquest reign;
That heart which I in happier days possess'd,
Which made the hapless wand'rer so much bless'd.
Enough—enough—I cannot fancy more,
Bereav'd of all I worship and adore;
Robb'd of the idol of my doting thought,
Now—now indeed is grief's completion wrought,
Veil'd is each beam whose faint enlivening light
Has strove to smile through glooms of dreary night.

Not so with me—my heart, unchang'd by time,
With warm affection glows through ev'ry clime;
Through ev'ry land my weary feet have press'd,
Love, still the inmate of my faithful breast,
Hath ev'ry action, ev'ry wish approv'd,
Hath kept me true wherever I have rov'd:
Whether on Britain's, or on Gallia's coast,
Or Afric's shore, I still, with truth, can boast
My bosom free of ev'ry wish once there
To wake my lyre in praises of the fair;
To woo, in jocund song, the tuneful nine,
Or the rude rounds of idle mirth to join.
Some, when dejected, plunge in folly's snare
In hopes to banish and forget their care;
Drink deep the madd'ning bowl their pangs to cheat
And urge the ruin they untimely meet—
But ne'er in this does my sad heart engage;
The passing bowl cannot my griefs assuage:
In pleasure's circle I am never seen;
Mine is the lonely and neglected scene;
A gloomy silence suits my gloomy mind;
The haunt of stillness is to me most kind;
For when the force of wretchedness prevails,
To cheat my pangs amusement wholly fails;
Resign'd to sadness, and a prey to thought,
I shun the friend, in social moments sought:
But, more than all, the noisy world I shun—
Let others bask in blazing fashion's sun,

I seek the solitude where peace presides,
The sylvan shade where some soft streamlet glides,
Whose silver murmur mingles with my song,
And sooths my sorrows as it steals along.

Where'er I fly, still destin'd to repine,
Her glowing image warms this breast of mine,
Which will, till life's last fading moments, bear
Its dear impression, fondly cherish'd there;
Teaching contempt of ev'ry lowly deed;
Wak'ning a thirst for virtue's grateful meed—
Which, while it guards me from temptation's lure,
Prompts ev'ry act, forms ev'ry moral pure;
Exalts my mind above such views as prove
With those transcendent, who can never love.

Why should her guardian, with a tyrant pow'r,
Control her heart in youth's fast fleeting hour?
Or why should she a grov'ling wretch obey,
Whom sordid views and selfish motives sway?
Who bids her, with a despot's stern command,
Where wealth is greatest, there to give her hand;
As though, at pleasure, love were bought and sold,
And woman barter'd for a dotard's gold!

'Tis true of affluence I cannot boast,
Should this be valued in a lover most—
Ah! no—'tis not of happiness the test;
It ne'er can give contentment to the breast;

Ne'er heal the bleeding wounds of tender woe;
Ne'er 'waken pity, or affection's glow.
My wealth is such as ruling fates assign;
Yet had I none, I never should repine.
I have not labour'd for Petosa's ore—
I have but little—yet I wish no more:
Let others toil, if so their wills ordain,
With earnest care, and anxious wish for gain;
Pursue their darling and exclusive aim
Of hoarding riches at the price of shame:
All they amass cannot awake one sigh,
Or in corroding envy fix my eye.
By far more sweetly winning to my ear
Is virtue's name, to me for ever dear,
Which, from the dawn of reason in my soul,
Like the sweet spell of love, my wishes stole;
Warm'd in each pulse—and, with a sov'reign pow'r,
Kindly restrain'd, in boyhood's erring hour.
My guide through life has been bright honour's ray;
Fame have I sought in danger's rugged way:
The soldier's wreath no sordid price can buy,
Dearer—far dearer, in the minstrel's eye,
Than to the miser all the treasur'd gold,
He heaps by stealth—scarce ever to behold.
Whate'er my lot may be decreed by heav'n,
I do not covet wealth to others given;
It never yet a sentiment refin'd——
Can affluence insure the spotless mind?

Or, in the man, those noble virtues rear
Which long survive his mortal journey here?

Ah no—though fortune's coy capricious smile
May dazzle, with its splendour, for a while;
And, with an empty visionary show,
In gilded trappings, dress off grandeur's woe;
It cannot chase the gloomy shades of care,
Or sooth the bosom, when regrets are there;
Pour on the mental wound the balm of peace,
Dry up the tear, and from dark griefs release:
It cannot purchase an unblemish'd name—
The meed of virtue's consecrated aim;
Or to connubial life that bliss impart,
Which springs alone from union of the heart,
Where souls of kindred character unite—
Their lives—one sweet existence of delight.

Yet why, if Licea's heart by gold is sway'd,
Has wealth withheld from me its powerful aid?
Why does not fortune's fickle favours join
The efforts of fond love, to make her mine?——
And can it be that fortune's gifts alone
Have pow'r to make this absent nymph my own?
Why does suspicion such a thought suggest?
A thought distracting to a lover's breast:
Why does dark destiny the hand withhold
Of her—whose heart was ne'er seduc'd by gold?

Or why does just and gen'rous heav'n decree,
As love's reward, such piercing pangs to me?
Pangs which impel me cruelly to wrong
A mind to which the fairest traits belong;
As yet unsullied by a wish impure;
That knows no more of gold's detested lure
Than the sweet infant, in its earliest day,
Whose passions all, in tranquil slumber, lay.

Licea, forgive!—forgive me, dearest maid!
Forgive whate'er, urg'd on by grief, I've said;
For though my tongue thy meek submission blame,
Still I believe thy secret heart the same;
Still I believe thy parting vows sincere—
That though a guardian's cruelty severe
Controls thy will—by right of nature free—
Thy bosom glows alone with love for me.

A FRAGMENT.

Far from the haunts of titled knaves I fly,
From Florence, hateful to my sicken'd eye,
Where honour crowns alone the pomp of show,
Where reigns the prude and struts the flippant beau,
Who flirt, the little despots of a day,
While some new vogue a Proteus-tribe can sway—
With heavy heart, I quit the giddy world,
Where folly's banner fashion has unfurl'd;
Where thought impure the chasten'd ear assails;
Where virtue slumbers, and where vice prevails:
I hate the clime where nameless follies teem,
And riches rule, with sov'reignty supreme;
Where nought is known of virtue but the name,
And fools, grown rich, at empty titles aim;
Where crafty priests religion's shrine profane,
And vice triumphant leads her votive train:
I loath the bustle of the clam'rous throng,
The noisy mob, who err with sense of wrong;
And who, with all the nothingness of pride,
Themselves the judges, damn the world beside.

In folly's maze, although I may have gone
From virtue's track, no vice my heart hath won;

With no dark crimes can I reproach my mind,
No harm I ever my worst foe design'd;
I never could the petit maitre prize:
Coquette and prude I equally despise—
Let them possess the trifling coxcomb's praise,
And him be licens'd on their charms to gaze—
I love the maiden of becoming grace,
In whose pure look a noble soul we trace;
Of timid softness, and with blushing cheek,
With azure eyes, which eloquently speak,
And in a glance, in mute communion say,
What eyes may tell, but tongue cannot convey—
Such is the image my warm breast enshrines
For such, in absence, my fond heart repines.

I have not love for ev'ry smiling maid,
To ev'ry fair one homage have not paid;
I cannot kneel at ev'ry shrine I meet,
And vows to all divinities repeat;
Unpractis'd in the wily courtier's art,
I cannot act the vile dissembler's part.

Farewell—ye scenes of revelry, farewell!
My clime is not where lawless vices dwell—
In quest of peace, I'll seek the rural shade,
And tune my lyre to one far-distant maid,
To whom, alone, shall swell my pensive songs,
To whom the homage of my muse belongs.

Ye few I love—ye tender friends, adieu!
Friends did I say? Alas! of them I've few—
'Twas my sad lot, from boyhood's earliest dawn,
The world to wander, friendless and forlorn!
And still from clime to clime, I weary roam,
The world my journey, and the grave my home.

Hail, peaceful shade, the minstrel's dear retreat,
As to a friend, whom long I've sigh'd to meet,
To thee I come, in hopes that calm to find,
Dearly delicious to the weary mind;
To thee I come, my humble heart oppress'd,
In search of peace to sooth my cares to rest;
Here will I dwell till summer's suns shall fade:
I love the pensive stillness of thy shade;
Here will I hide from sol's meridian beam,
My heart indulging in the fairy dream
Of happier days—of pleasures yet in store,
When I my native land shall hail once more—
The smiles of love the pangs of woe repay;
And wake to sprightlier themes my roundelay.

Come, all ye songsters of the woodland throng,
In nature's praise come tune the choral song;
Together breathe the soft prelusive lay—
Begin in honour of the cheerful day,
Then more inspir'd of higher themes we'll sing;
In swelling notes we'll chant the charms of spring—

Or will ye, little warblers of the grove,
Attend while I descant on tender love—
For when I leave the world, and here retire,
Love, and my Licea, wake my votive lyre.

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STANZAS

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN FROM LICEA TO EDMUND.

Dejected lover, as thou art!
Whose plainings speak a bosom torn—
Oh! teach no more thy wounded heart,
Or melancholy muse, to mourn.

Let doubts no more, or wakeful fears,
Or jealousies disturb thy peace;
Fond hope must chase away those tears,
And pleasure teach those sighs to cease.

Why should ill-founded fears deject?
Why should thy breast dark doubts enshrine?
Mistaken youth! no cold neglect
Can meet love—warm and true as thine.

Yet glows, with more than usual heat,
The bosom thou hast said was chill;
The heart which thou hast taught to beat
Throbs warmly with affection still.

Though angry waves between us roll,
Yet, Edmund, whilst thou'rt true to me,
Not seas which roll, from pole to pole,
Shall wash away my love for thee.

Calm all thy phantom fears to rest,
And teach thy muse some sprightlier strain;
We shall, I know, at last be blest,
We shall together meet again.

Thy heart, so long to grief resign'd,
Then with the brightest joys shall glow;
That heav'nly happiness shall find
Which woman, feeling, can bestow.

THOUGHTS IN A GRAVE YARD.

MAY, 1807.

COMMINGLED is affection's sigh
With evening's softer balmy breath;
With ev'ry breeze that murmurs by,
Lightly o'er the abode of death.

Calmly subside the gales to rest,
But sighs which spring from lovers' woes,
Sighs which disturb the troubled breast,
Can never, never, find repose.

Again they breathe in solemn tones,
Some spirit seems with them to move,
To whisper "Who art thou, whose moans
"Confess a hapless tale of love?

"Thy maid is false—trust not her smile—
"Trust not her vows more light than air—
"Beware, fond youth, the siren guile
"Which lurks within a form so fair."

No longer hours of joy delay,
For death will surely shortly come;
Life's burning lamp will soon decay—
Then, Wand'rer, to thy heav'nly home.

Oh! couldst thou read the book of fate
And see of what a fleeting span,
Of what a brief uncertain date
Doth there appear the life of man,

Thou wouldst not waste thy precious time,
Nor give to grief thy fairest days;
Thou wouldst not, ere in manhood's prime,
Relinquish pleasure's airy maze.

Mark but the course of yonder sun,
As now it faintly lights the west—
Behold its short career is run,
And ling'ring there it sinks to rest.

Thus is the fate of man display'd;
For like the sun's is man's career—
He rises—but to sink and fade—
Short is the traveller's journey here.

Turn now thine eyes and here behold,
In this still spot, each mortal's end—
Perhaps yon narrow grave may hold,
In death's cold arms, some valued friend.

Perhaps, in this still tomb, there sleeps
Some friend whose name thy heart reveres,
Whose spirit now in heaven weeps
To see thee waste thy youthful years.

Beneath yon willow lies enshrin'd,
A victim of death's envious dart—
There never was a purer mind—
There never was a gentler heart.

Thine eyes did never yet behold
A more benignant sweeter face;
There never came from beauty's mould
A seraph-form of lovelier grace.

Like Licea, lovely Laura too
Was lov'd by one as warm as thou—
His heart, like thine, was fondly true,
As fervent was his plighted vow.

But Laura was not false like her—
Her's was a tender feeling heart,
That ne'er from virtue's track could err,
Or from the path of truth depart.

Now, yonder tufted grave contains
All that remains of her bright form—
Alas! for nothing now remains
But dust—of her who once could charm.

Thus Licea in death's icy arms,
Bereft of beauty, soon will be;
Then what are woman's fading charms?
As fading as her constancy.

Moulded from "dust, to dust" again,
Like lovely roses they decay;
For life is rapid in its wane,
And time will not one moment stay.

Three years thy heart hath been the slave
Of love, of doubt, and trembling fear;
Thy health hath fled thee, and the grave
Is hast'ning, weary wand'rer, near.

Then think no more of woman frail—
Go, and enjoy life's fleeting hour;
Learn from the light inconstant gale,
That woos awhile each fading flow'r,

How to pursue the faithless fair—
Like them be fickle, false, and free;
With them each passing pleasure share,
And, like them, laugh at constancy.

SONG.

If, Licea, 'tis thy wish to part,
For ever from this hour be free—
For, if there be no tie of heart,
I cancel ev'ry claim to thee.

O fare thee well, unfeeling maid!
Fare thee well, false girl, for ever—
Thou hast the fondest youth betray'd
Fate from peace did e'er yet sever.

Although to thee I ruin owe,
Thy wrongs to me are all forgiv'n—
Farewell! we meet no more below;
But we, I hope, shall meet in heav'n.

TO HESPER.

MAY, 1807.

O HESPER! hide thy cheering ray,
Nor lend the earth again that beam
Which once illum'd my misty way,
Along the banks of Evon's stream,
Shedding through shades of dusky night,
To guide my steps, a lonely light—
Like the first orient beam of morn
Seen faintly ere the day is born.

How often, when the nightly queen
Refus'd her gladd'ning smile to lend,
Hast thou diffus'd a ray serene,
And kindly been the lover's friend!
Breaking, with soft effulgent pow'r,
Mild through the glooms of ev'ning hour,
And shining, lucid, through the sky,
Like pity's tear in Licea's eye.

And when my wayward feet have gone
Far from the wandering streamlet's side,
When other stars but dimly shone,
O Hesper, thou hast been my guide
To light me o'er the pathless plain,
Back to the streamlet's side again—

Like some kind pow'r conducting back
An erring youth to virtue's track.

Back to the stream where haply stray'd,
Adown its willowy margin'd edge,
To meet me there, a beauteous maid,
Her faithless vows of love to pledge—
Vows—oh! heav'n, too sweetly spoken!
Vows—alas!—all gone—all broken!
Fleeting as mists, which dew each spray,
Which live not through the noon of day.

But, now, no more thy banks I rove,
Where roses bloom, like Licea fair;
Whose leaves disclosing thorns like love,
Scatter through the ambient air
Sweets, that are giv'n to all the same,
Like vows of some unhallow'd flame,
Which, kindled once, profanely burns
For ev'ry hapless youth, by turns.

Gild not, O golden star supreme!
With splendent tints, yon sapling boughs;
Oh! let the grove with darkness teem,
Where faithless Licea breath'd her vows—
Brief as the flow'r of roseate dyes—
False as her tears—light as her sighs—
Tears like the dews of weeping even—
Sighs like the balmy breath of heav'n.

TO THE FRIEND OF LICEA.

Oh! wilt thou touch, kind lady fair!
The lute's beguiling strings once more;
And chant me o'er the little air,
Which I have often ask'd before;
And which thou oft hast kindly giv'n,
As though thou felt'st a wish to be
The one who first awaken'd heav'n,
On this side of eternity;
And, as my guardian angel, sought
To fix my mind on things above;
That I, no more, might sin in thought;
No more might think on her I love.
For, lady fair, thou hast, I find,
The art of learning from the face
The thoughts which lurk within the mind—
And there the hidden soul to trace.
Thou there hast read what long I've strove
From ev'ry human eye to hide,
That still the faithless maid I love,
Who soon will be a rival's bride—
But she was mine by ev'ry vow
Which lover's hearts or lips e'er coin'd—
Although she is another's now,
Yet once our hearts were closely join'd—

But let such bitter thoughts repose,
And go with me to my cold tomb;
For soon this heart which lonely glows,
With sorrow will itself consume.

Oh! let thy fingers' ivory white
Press the murm'ring wires more light!
Light, lady fair,—Oh lighter still!
Soft! sweet enchantress—soft thy touch!
For see—they break beneath thy thrill—
Oh soft!—they cannot bear so much—
That is the key of tender tone—
Ye gods! how sweet the lute can moan!
And sooth the feeling heart of woe,
As soft its melting murmurs flow.

SONNET.

" GIVE me my flute," I said, " whose melting voice
" Once mingled with my love's delicious lay;
" Why am I sad, when all around rejoice,
" When nature smiles and ev'ry heart is gay?"
I took the flute, for melody once dear—
I touch'd its keys, but all its charm was o'er—
The music, once delightful to my ear,
Breath'd on that ear in harmony no more.
Harsh, as the murmurs of the midnight wind
Were those sweet sounds which won my Licea's praise;
They sooth'd not sorrow, but recall'd to mind
Departed joys, and ne'er returning days.
And now it silent and neglected lies—
If woke—'tis only with my breathing sighs!

SONNET.

WHEN from these arms a cruel guardian bore,
Deaf to the voice of honour and to shame,
The object of my bosom's tender flame
Whose charms for ever on my fancy pour,
My constant thought by night, and daily theme—
An idol still I worship and adore;
Whose angel goodness woke the dazzling dream
Of dear deluding passion into birth—
Which in my heart will ever reign supreme—
Would he, to ev'ry tender impulse dead,
Had torn, for ever, from this mind of care,
The image of her beauty graven there—
Nor left the painful mem'ry of her worth
To live behind, when ev'ry hope had fled.

TO THE FRIEND OF LICEA.

Come, tell me, gay and jocund fair,
Come tell me, gentle nymph of peace,
How I can banish thought and care;
Come tell me when my pangs will cease?

Ah! once contentment dwelt with me,
And happiness which now is thine;
The bosom's sweet tranquillity—
But now pale misery is mine.

As when dark gath'ring clouds obscure,
In orient skies, the morning's pride;
Or rise, in thick'ning tempests, o'er,
The cheerful noon-day's smile to hide:

So sorrow's darkest veil is seen
My fairest youthful joys to shade—
Ah! little once this heart did ween—
Those joys would, thus untimely, fade.

TO THE FRIEND OF LICEA.

FRIEND of the maid, above the world preferr'd,
Hast thou not heard the sad complaining bird,
That sings, at eve, his wild pathetic lay,
And seems to pine his tender life away?

For as the robin mourns his absent mate,
And breathes his melting plaints throughout the grove,
So do I think is my unhappy fate—
For I too mourn the absence of my love.

Yet though with love the lonely bird's oppress'd,
Hope, smiling, sooths the sorrows of his breast;
While I, alas! the keenest woes sustain—
Hope never cheers nor mitigates my pain.

HOPE.

When beauteous woman first beguil'd,
And I was caught in passion's snare,
Hope softly sooth'd, and sweetly smil'd,
And banish'd ev'ry wakeful care;

And with her disingenuous tongue
Did sweetest expectations rear;
And for a while, my heart—'twas young—
Deceiv'd with dreams, divinely dear;

Then left it in the fatal end,
Involv'd in disappointment's shade;
To execrate a faithless friend,
Who had its happiness betray'd.

TO THE ROSE.

SWEET rose of the valley, whose beautiful glow
Is scarcely excell'd by the blushes of morn,
Ah! why dost thou bud among brambles, and blow,
The pride of all flowers, the twin of a thorn?

And when, by the blast, thou art blighted for ever,
And thy blooms to the grave are untimely consign'd,
Ah! why on thy stem, as piercing as ever,
As keen in its sting, is the thorn left behind?

Thus the pride of the bosom has often been known
To bud amid sorrows, and bloom amid woes;
And thorns, on the stem of affection, have grown,
More keen in their sting than the thorn of the rose.

Sweet emblem! 'tis so with affection betray'd—
The blossoms of love, when blighted with scorn,
In the heart where they flourish'd, will wither and fade,
Bequeathing for ever the bosom a thorn.

WOMAN'S SMILE.

How like that false alluring ray
  Which charms the lonely trav'ller's eye;
And leads his weary feet astray,
  To dangers which in ambush lie,

Is woman's soul-seducing smile!
  The guide in love's illusive dream;
Which flatters, for a little while,
  With faithless hope's beguiling beam;

Then leaves the unsuspecting mind
  In ruin's road deluded on:
To cast a longing look behind,
  And mourn its peace, for ever gone.

STANZAS.

THIS heart will never more allow
Itself to be the slave of love—
For never did I know, till now,
How false is woman's plighted vow—
How frail and faithless she can prove!

How artless seem'd my Licea's smile!
Her vows were hallow'd oaths to me;
Oh! I believ'd them true awhile—
I thought her bosom free from guile;
Her mind from ev'ry blemish free.

Alas! how much deceiv'd was I
How little did I once suppose,
My boyish days would thus pass by,
And leave me, joyless, now to sigh—
To sigh, and mourn my early woes.

Oh! I must now myself persuade
The dear deceiving maid to shun!
Her many vows, so sweetly made,
Are broken all, and I betray'd—
Betray'd and wickedly undone.

Let me this wretched life lay down—
For life, I fear, has now, for me,
But fortune's and false woman's frown—
My days of pleasure all are gone,
And nought remains—but misery.

SONG.

When I have seen her tear-drops start,
  Her gentle bosom heave with sighs—
I've said, how innocent the heart,
  Which in that lovely bosom lies!

When I have gaz'd upon her smile,
  Her eyes, which all within express—
I've said, there is no hidden guile,
  Beneath a look which can so bless.

But I will trust those tears no more;
  That smile I will no more believe;
I find what ne'er I dreamt before
  That smile is false—those tears deceive.

* * * *

She lies within my rival's arms—
Is his—oh! bitter thought to me!
Her bosom his cold bosom warms—
Oh! thought of bitter misery!

Why do I live to hear it told,
That she is false—is lost to me?
Why, when her heart to me is cold,
Must I so fond and doting be?

Ah! 'tis because that love has wove
His chords with nature's ev'ry tie—
I shall, I know, be sway'd by love,
Until by grief, at last, I die.

Then, wicked world, farewell for ever!
I go where fates no more control,
Farewell, dark grief! we two must sever—
But thee, sweet kindred of my soul,

Thee, precious image! I will wear,
Until thy prototype is free,
To seek my doting spirit there
Where blest for ever we shall be.

STANZAS.*

JULY, 1807.

OH! if there be a clime, where ne'er
The sound of human voice is heard;
Where I can fly, and never hear
Aught but the plaints of some sad bird;

Friend of my youth! conduct me there—
For much I wish the world to fly;
To shun deceitful woman fair,
And breathe to her no more my sigh.

For I, alas! have been deceiv'd
By one, the fairest form on earth;
Whom I, poor simple child, believ'd
To be some nymph of heav'nly birth.

If e'er thou hast, by fancy's aid,
Depictur'd those bright forms above,
In such seductive looks array'd,
As kindle even gods to love;

* These verses were addressed to Capt. S——, one of the earliest and warmest friends of the unhappy Edmund. With this gentleman he embarked on his last earthly voyage. EDITOR.

Oh! then, in some propitious hour,
When pure celestial feeling warms;
When fancy has the gifted pow'r
Of moulding more than mortal forms;

Thine eye may picture one as fair—
But nought on earth has yet been seen,
That can, in grace, with her compare,
That has her sweet seductive mien.

Such is the maid on whom I dote;
Who my believing heart beguil'd—
But let me fly to climes remote,
Where all is dreary, dark and wild.

There moan in solitude—no more
The slave of love's bewitching spell!
Farewell!—I feel the struggle o'er—
Ungen'rous Licea, fare thee well!

SONNET.

WIDE o'er the world, through ev'ry various part,
From north to south, from east to west, I rove;
With hope to free my long-embondag'd heart
From cruel pangs of disappointed love:
Full oft I join around the festive board—
Not that its mirth hath any charm for me;
Not that the jovial song can joy afford;
Not that I prize the sons of revelry—
But with a hope to drown in Letheau wine
My many cares—to banish painful thought—
To fly from mem'ry—and conceal from view
The happier days of youth, when joy was mine,
Ere to my broken heart misfortune brought
Woes which it vainly struggles to subdue.

SONNET.

How foolish is the thought, that time can free
  The glowing heart from love's tyrannic reign!
That place, or circumstance, can ever be
  Of ought avail to him who wears his chain!
Eight weary months have past, since I have seen
  The lovely nymph whom fate to me denies;
And dearly do I learn, no time can wean
  My heart from love's indissoluble ties:
Soaring o'er place, and circumstance, and time,
  My soul is found for ever true to love;
    And as the needle to the kindred pole
Is seen to point, through ev'ry various clime;
  So have I found, through ev'ry clime I rove,
    Licea—the magnet that attracts my soul.

* * * *

WHERE'ER I fly 'tis still the same—
I feel within the burning flame;
Through night, with more than fev'rish heat,
My lips are parch'd, my pulses beat—
Now fast—now slow—now fast again—
Life's current flows through ev'ry vein:
My eyes are bath'd in scalding tears;
My bosom rack'd with jealous fears;
My health is lost—a life of pain
I feel I cannot long sustain.

Alas! how much deceiv'd was I!—
But men must knowledge dearly buy;
I thought that love (would I'd been right!)
Had all been transport—all delight—
All bliss—all rapture—ah! how wrong!
I feel what pains to love belong:
I find it made of sighs and tears,
Of sleepless nights, and waking fears,
Of cruel doubts, and jealousies,
Of countless pangs, and miseries.

SONNET.*

Upon my couch, in slumber, as I lay,
Blest with a tranquil respite from my woes,
Methought before me stood, in bright array,
The nymph for whom my heart for ever glows:
As when, at first, she met the dazzled eyes
Of him, who holds her still than life more dear,
So she appear'd, in beauty's fairest guise,
Like some sweet wand'rer from the starry sphere:
The queen of love with envy would have died
If she, thus lovely, had beheld the maid!
For oh! her envious eyes could not abide
The easy grace her matchless form displayed—
Had I the dictates of my heart obey'd,
Knelt at her feet, I should have homage paid!

* This and the three following Sonnets are connected.

SONNET.

As softly she approach'd my couch of woe,
  Her garments floated on the nightly air,
Light and ethereal as the driven snow—
  Adown her neck transgress'd her golden hair;
Her lily hand the envious veil withdrew,
  Which love had o'er those flowing tresses thrown;
As when ambrosial morn appears to view,
  Her radiant charms in languid softness shone;
Her eyes seem'd swimming in sweet pity's tide,
  Which brightly glow'd as heav'n's unsullied dew,
Imbued with Hesper's mild and mellow beam—
  Or like the lucent spray from waves that glide;
The crystal tears of some transparent stream,
  When tinctur'd with the rainbow's brilliant hue.

SONNET.

When she has thought of friends in childhood lost,
I oft have seen dark sorrows shade her brow,
As when the smiling face of heaven's o'ercast—
Yet never had I seen her look as now:
Her look was that of some pure saint, whose tears
Are shed in pity for men's errors here;
So the wan nun of downcast look appears,
While down her cheek soft steals contrition's tear—
"O injur'd youth!" she said, "can I atone
"For all my wrongs to thee, and sins to heav'n;
"Though great and many they have been, I own,
"Yet let them, I implore thee, be forgiv'n—
"Let love my errors from thy mem'ry blot—
"Forgive them all—and let them be forgot."

SONNET.

I WEPT to hear her penitent appeal—
  Where is the heart so callous, and so chill,
Where is the breast of adamant, or steel,
  That had not melted with compassion's thrill?
" Go then," I said, " thou lovely weeping maid!
  " Thy tears of penitence shall wash away
" The wrongs of love—in cruelty betray'd—
  " Go till we meet, in that great final day,
" When thou shalt see, in tears, thy lover plead,
  " To him who rules omnipotent in pow'r,
" For ev'ry earthly sin, and thoughtless deed,
  " Thou hast committed in temptation's hour—
" Go—lovely mourner! in repentance live—.
" And heav'n, in tender mercy, will forgive."

SONNET.

ONCE more the morn unfolds her golden hues,
And wakes to life her renovating gale;
Fair flow'rets, steep'd in heav'n's ambrosial dews,
Diffuse their fragrance o'er the spangled vale;
Once more the thrilling notes of love are heard,
Sweet to my soul in days of other times;
The dulcet breathings of some am'rous bird
Melt on my ear—dear in my native climes:
Morn has return'd—but morning brings no more
That something soothing to the mind oppress'd:
I'm sick at heart—my health and hopes are o'er—
And 'neath the willow shortly I shall rest;
Where let him write, if there a friend should rove,
"Here sleeps a victim of unhappy love."

SONNET.

LONG on the bed of sickness have I lain,
And felt my languid pulses slowly beat;
My eyes grow dim with faintness and with pain;
My lips and tongue parch up with fev'rish heat:
More and more near, to watch life's dying flame,
Grim death advances, led by hoary time,
Life's vital tides course slowly through my frame,
Though distant still the days of manhood's prime.
My love-sick soul is panting to depart,
To fly this dark and dreary vale of tears,
To seek its long lost happiness above;
Yet, even now, my almost lifeless heart,
While open to my view bright heav'n appears,
Still feeds the never-dying flame of love.

* * * *

I've often thought there was in death
A terror, yet I knew not why—
For I must soon yield up my breath,
And yet I feel no fear to die.

A kindly voice there is within,
That bids my spirit be of cheer;
God will forgive, I hope, my sin—
I trust in him—why should I fear?

The errors of my youth, I own,
Are many—yet ere judgment day,
I will, in pray'r, for them atone,
And wash them with my tears away.

SONNET.

MAY, 1808.

BUT twice ten summers have I number'd o'er,
Scarce time for youth's fair blossom to unfold;
Ere I approach eternity's dark door,
And all the terrors of the grave behold:
Fast fades the world upon my sicken'd view;
Slow and more slow life's vital currents flow;
My remnant hours I feel can be but few—
Oh! then farewell to this drear vale of woe!
Farewell to her for whom my pray'rs now flow;
To whom my love in boyhood's dawn was giv'n
When life had charms, and this young heart was light—
In death to part, is bitterness of woe—
But, oh! 'tis joy to know there is a heav'n,
Where she, a saint, shall bless my raptur'd sight.

SONNET.

LET friends remember, with soft pity's sigh,
In some calm moment to reflection dear,
The youth, whose breast once beat with transport high—
Let them recall, with recollection's tear,
The tender breathings of his artless muse,
Which sang the ardour of his glowing flame:
Let them forget his foibles, nor refuse
This tribute to his memory and name;
" Ne'er did the wily smiles of vice allure
" His humble mind, with honour's impulse fraught;
" His love was as a vestal's bosom pure;
" But dearly were its transient raptures bought
" With peace, which fled his heart ere yet the dawn
" Of hey-day youth had ripen'd into morn."

SONNET.

MAY, 1808.

WHY was I doom'd to leave my native home,
The roof where I respir'd my earliest breath,
So young in life, the rugged world to roam?—
Ah! why, alas! so soon consign'd to death?
Far from my parents, who knew not my end;
From all to whom my memory will be dear,
I lay me down to die, without one friend
To close my eyes, or life's last moments cheer;
To smooth the couch of pain with tender care;
To whisper comfort to my broken heart;
To teach me resignation, and to bear
The fatal sting of death's untimely dart;
To follow to my grave the mournful bier,
And there, in friendship, some memorial rear.

* * * *

I SAW a youth near to depart—
Upon the bed of death he lay—
When guilt, deep rooted in his heart,
Chas'd ev'ry hope of heav'n away:

I pitied him, about to die
With such a weight upon his mind;
I bade him on his God rely—
That heav'n was merciful and kind.

And since I witness'd his sad fate,
I've been to virtue's precepts true;
When fame and fortune did elate,
I kept another world in view.

And, now, I meet my weary end,
And hope from every care release;
Approving conscience is my friend—
My hour of death is that of peace.

* * * *

JUNE, 1808. NAPLES.

As one, who turns from cheerful night,
In fancy's mirror to survey,
The joyful morn's enchanting light,
The lovely smile of cheerful day,

Is he, who from the world of gloom,
Uplifts his thoughts, O heav'n! to thee,
And, through the clouds which shroud the tomb,
Beholds a bright eternity.

THE END.

DEC 16 1968